How a Senator Earns His Salary—By Senator W. E. Mason of Illinois

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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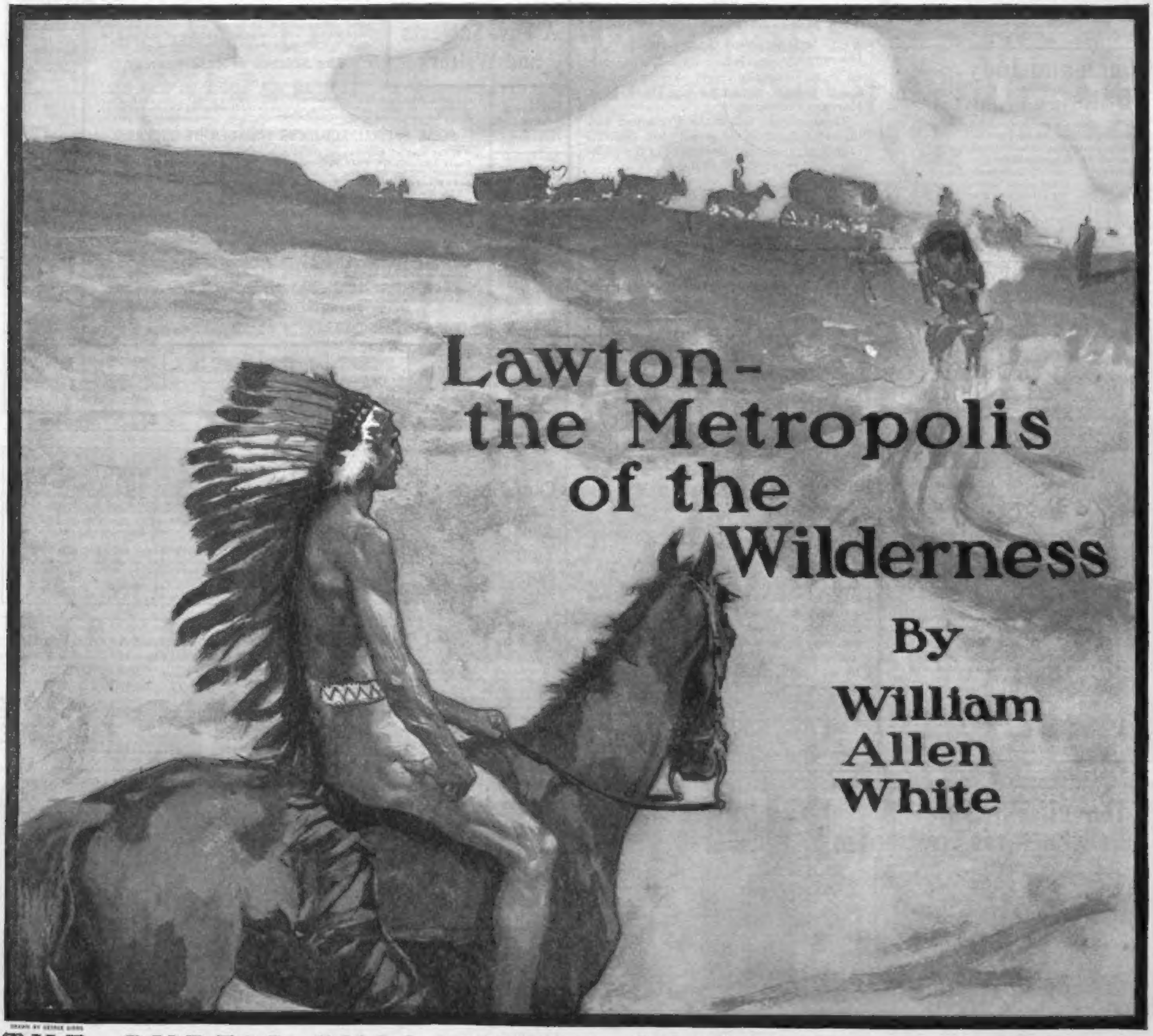

Lawton—the Metropolis of the Wilderness

By William Allen White

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MORE THAN 500 SPECIAL WRITERS

A very few only of these are mentioned in the margin. Among others are: PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Yale; RUDYARD KIPLING, EDWIN MARKHAM, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, EDWARD EVERETT HALE, HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, REV. ROBERT COLLYER, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, BISHOP POTTER, BISHOP VINCENT, JULIA WARD HOWE, W. T. STEAD, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, PRESIDENT LOUBET and EMILE ZOLA. Within present limits it is of course impossible to name them all. It is enough to say that the most distinguished American and foreign writers have united with the great captains of industry to make this library a practical exposition of

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JOHN WANAMAKER — "The Making of a Merchant"
GEORGE F. HOAR — "How to Succeed in Politics"
JAMES J. HILL — "The Making of a Railroad Man"
CHANCELLOR MACRACKEN — "Prizes in the Profession of Teaching"
H. H. VREELAND — "How to Succeed in Business"
FREDERICK R. COUDERT — "The Making of a Lawyer"
Dr. GEORGE F. SHRADY — "The Making of a Physician"
JOHN R. PROCTOR — "Opportunities in the Civil Service"
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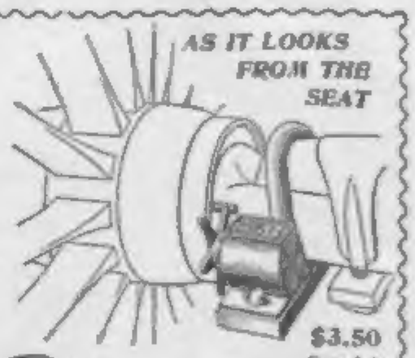

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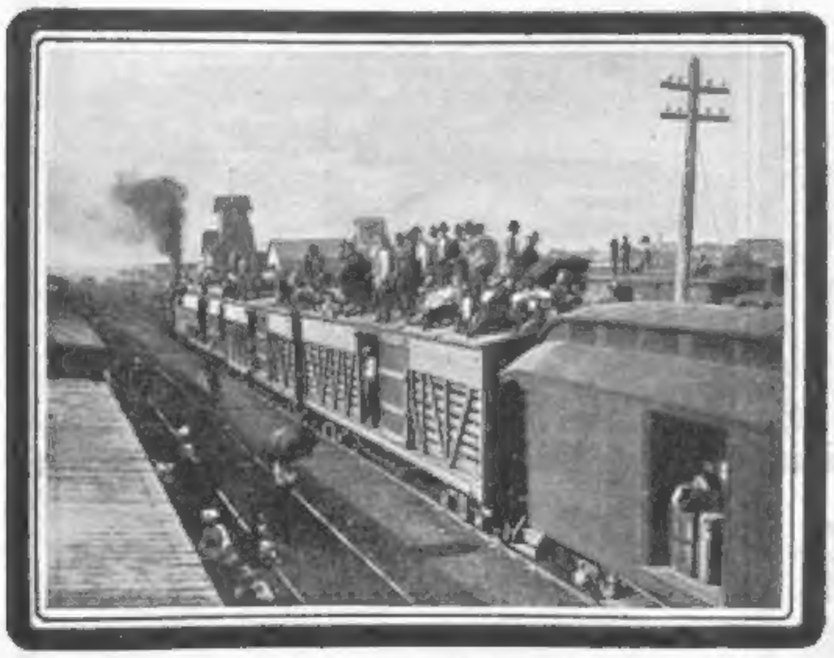


A train pulling into El Reno during the registration rush. Thousands of land-seekers came on coal and cattle cars

Ex-Governor W. A. Richards, who conducted the registration and the lottery for the drawing and who will have charge of the filing

At the Rock Island Depot, El Reno, during the rush. Passenger cars could handle only a small percentage of the traffic

LAWTON—The Metropolis of the Wilderness—By William Allen White

IT IS curious to note how the agencies of what we are pleased to call civilization—the telegraph, the telephone, the railroad, the schoolhouse and the newspaper—affect race instincts and hereditary tendencies. When these civilizing agencies become entangled with the primitive passions of men incongruous things happen. Land-hunger is a primitive Anglo-Saxon passion. It is as strong in English-speaking races as home love, and ever since our forebears left the Ganges this land-hunger has been moving men toward the frontier. Slowly, like the sluggish greed of a smoldering fire, the teeth of the plow and the harrow have gnawed across the globe.

The fables of mythology have nothing so Titanic—nothing so majestically dramatic—as the story of the resistless progress of the fierce Aryan plowmen, seeking virgin sod to tear and turn and despoil and reduce to the slavery of home service. For thousands of years the land-hunger has moved men gradually.

The Big Land Lottery with 13,000 Prizes

They have been checked by wars and floods and plagues and pests. But now the motors of civilization move men fast. The Americans spent about as many decades settling Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas as the Angles and the Saxons and the Normans spent centuries settling the British Isles. Oklahoma was settled by a horse-race in a day. So when two million acres of land purchased from the Apaches and Kiowas and Comanches were to be thrown open for settlement, the bait, however small, aroused the land-hunger in 70,000,000 people. Now every one of these 70,000,000 people was within a three-days' railroad ride of the land; every morning and every evening the newspapers whetted the appetite of these people by describing the beauties of the new lands, so that whenever a railroad engine whistled it brought its enticement. And here is where civilization and the primitive passions of men mixed. To set 2,000,000 acres of land before 70,000,000 people who could flock to it on trains in a week would be an invitation to riot. The horse-race plan was tried in Oklahoma and found to be unfair—and the race instinct for fairness is as strong as that of land-hunger. Then up spoke a young red-headed Kansas editor—Victor Murdock, of the Wichita Eagle—and said, "Let's have a land lottery." And he said it so often and with such force and emphasis, and with such sense and reason, that it was done. This plan is as old as language, for the earliest record of homesteads in the world shows that they were chosen by lot. The words lot, and allotment, and lottery group themselves in the mind by a sort of linguistic cohesion.

Now the manner of the lottery was this: There were something over two million acres of land divided into 13,000 quarter sections; each quarter section was a prize. The value of the prizes ranged from $500—for even the poorest quarter section in the new country is worth that—to $50,000, which is the estimated value of the quarter section adjoining the town site of Lawton, the seat of the land office in the new country. These were fairly interesting prizes.

Each male citizen of the United States and every woman over twenty-one or the head of a family who did not own more than 160 acres of land could enter his or her name in the lottery. To do so it was necessary to go to either El Reno, Oklahoma or Lawton—a prospective town in the new Territory. The applicant filled out an entry blank like this:

LAWTON LAND OFFICE

Name, ...
Last residence, ...
Birthplace, ...
Where naturalized, ...
Age, ... Color, ...
Weight, ... Height, ...
Send notice to .....
.....
(Signature): .....
Countersigned at .....
July....., 1901, by .....
.....

This entry slip was deposited with all the other slips in the lottery in one of two great boxes ten feet long and two feet square, stirred with an iron dasher. Five boys stood at the five holes in each box and drew the names out of the boxes, and after being numbered by four clerks, and checked and entered in a book, the name of the person signed to the blank was read as the winner of the number in which order his name came out of the box. Now, that seems simple enough, yet nothing has happened in a dozen years in the Mississippi Valley which has stirred the people so deeply.

How the Big Crowd was Moved to Lawton

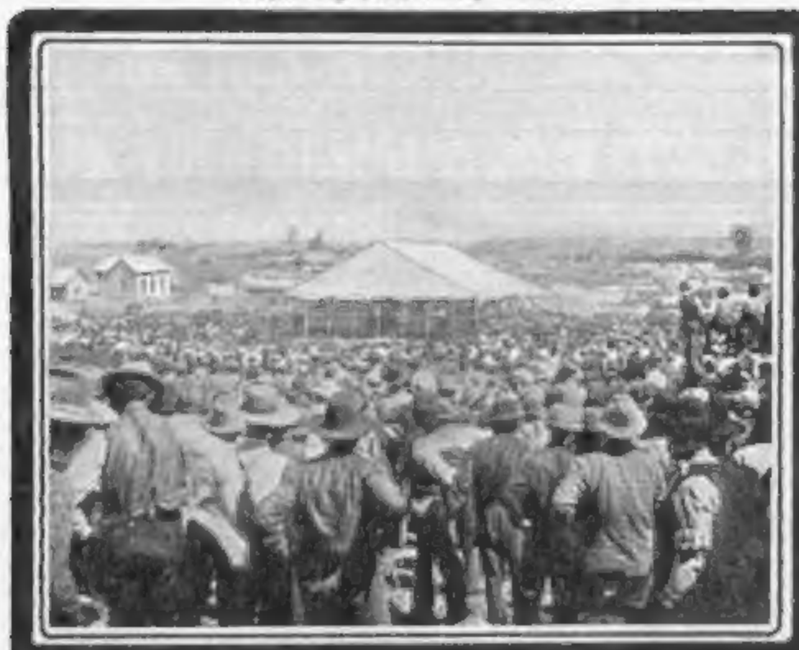
According to the President's proclamation, which was issued in pursuance of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1901, the registration for the drawing began July 10 and continued until July 26. But early in May little ripples of excitement began to play over the West. By June, movers' wagons began to appear on the highways leading to Oklahoma. By July, several thousand people had camped on the borders of "the new country," as the domain to be opened was called, and as far east as Chicago it began to be unusual to find a traveling man occupying two seats on southwesterly-bound trains. By the tenth of July the white prairie schooner was a daily visitor in every Western town, and in every chair car pulling toward the Southwest from Kansas City there was a young man sitting on the coal box and a few people standing in the aisle. After that day the Santa Fé and the Rock Island and the Missouri Pacific roads began to hook extra coaches to all West-bound or South-bound trains. At the end of the first week after the registration opened every extra passenger car that these roads could beg or borrow was crowded to the aisles and the platform, and for the last hundred miles of the journey toward the promised land the car roofs were covered with passengers, and no one thought of using the doors of the cars for ingress or egress when there were so many convenient windows. During the last week of the excitement the crowds overran even the box cars, and coal cars were drafted into service. When the registration closed 171,000 people had registered, and the receipts of the passenger department of one road—the Rock Island—were richer by one and a half million dollars—for two weeks' traffic. Other railroads less fortunately situated than the Rock Island did nearly as well. The movement of population was more than an excursion—it was a hegira! The four thousand people of the town of El Reno—a kind of new brick and unpainted pine "Sweet Auburn, fairest village of the plain"—accommodated ten thousand strangers within their gates every day. Tents burst into bloom over the business streets of the town in a night, and under the tents venders of fried chicken, sandwiches, lemonade, bologna, coffee, ice cream, hokey-pokey, canes, badges, peanuts and popcorn, watermelons and candy—the rag-weeds of commerce—flourished. Pickpockets, gamblers, reporters, evangelists, messenger-boys, pullers-in, notaries, barkers for side-shows, fakirs, and women with tracts, all jostled the crowd and contended with one another for its loose change and its evanescent attention. It was the crowded, disheveled, unordered mart of the Orient rather than the precise and exactly squared market-place of the West. But one thing marked it for American: it was a laughing crowd. "Mine ancient humor saves me whole." Neither late and crowded trains, nor prostrating heat, nor unsavory food, nor weariness of the flesh, nor distress of mind could suppress the American's joke. No one complained at calamity; no one bewailed his fate. It was all very funny, and if a man had essayed to swear or beat his breast his misery would only have added to the gayety of the occasion.

Under the drawing tent—El Reno

The Man Who Engineered the Drawing

There was this other American trait about the El Reno crowd: it kept moving. The average man stayed in El Reno less than five hours. He did not lag superfluous on the stage after he had registered. And here is where your Uncle Sam came in. The registration was conducted with exact fairness and unusual rapidity. When one considers that ten thousand human beings—which are contrary and untractable creatures at best—were taken into half a dozen hot, stuffy little tents, seated courteously, adorned with a good-morning or a good-evening, and then divested of their information as to age, name, place of birth and of residence, color, height, weight, and next friend—all in ten working hours, and that, too, without riot

The first day of the drawing — El Reno



A registration booth — El Reno

Rock Island Street, El Reno, during the registration

In the suburbs of Lawton before the opening

On the outskirts of Lawton two days before the opening

or rebellion — one may realize what a remarkable work the registration was. The credit for this work is entirely due to the good sense, tact and efficient industry of former Governor W. A. Richards, of Wyoming. He represented the land department at El Reno. The marvel of his work is that it was so well done that there is not a fault-finder among all the 171,000. Richards' success lay in the fact that he is a Westerner, and knew how to handle a Western crowd. A man stood in the line one day with a Winchester. An Eastern man would have sent for a policeman, a Southern man might have shown some authority in taking the gun away, but Richards took it away so gently, so politely, and withal so good-naturedly, that the gun-bearer felt the obligation to return the former Governor's kindness. The clerks, in opening the envelopes after the drawing, found that many Texas people had given their place of birth as Michigan. This was because Texans, fearing that politics was to control the lottery, agreed that they could deceive the managers of the lottery by appearing to be Northern men living in Texas, and hence Republicans and subject to favors. But when the drawing was over no State was prouder to belong to a Government that could run a fair drawing than the Texas people. Richards has the friendship of all Texas — as well as the rest of the Union. Richards was discovered to the Government by Willis Van Deventer, an attorney for the Interior Department, to whom much of the success of the opening is due. He drafted the bill which made the opening. He prepared the President's proclamation. He worked out most of the details of the drawing and of the land filing that followed.

Van Deventer was formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming. There is still, however, the cat that worried the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. That is Dennis T. Flynn, the handsome, plucky little Irish delegate in Congress from Oklahoma. The Act of Congress of March 3, 1901, which secured the Kiowa, Apache and Comanche country to homesteaders, was Flynn's bill. He fathered it and mothered it, and log-rolled for it and sat up nights with it. Now he is going to work to give this new country the privileges of free homes.

The Rush to the "Land of Pure Delight"

Now this apparent digression has been introduced for orchestral effect to conceal the eleven days that elapsed between the last day of the registration and the first day of entry. During that time the results of the drawing were announced, and those who won were happy and those who lost were satisfied, and the rumble on the stage is the shifting of the scenery from El Reno to the prospective town of Lawton, one hundred miles south and thirty miles west. And now the curtain goes up on another scene. Again the people of the Southwest begin to go through car windows on belated trains, to perch on car roofs, to ride in freight cars, to breathe soot, and to sweat complacently in flat-cars. They were not bound for the lottery this time, but to the land itself — the "land of pure delight," the "new country."

The new country lies south of Oklahoma and west of the Indian Territory. It comprises an area of 6500 square miles — a territory nearly three times as large as the State of Delaware, larger than Connecticut, and nearly as large as New Hampshire. It is a wind-made country. The rich, raw, red, sandy clay soil lies in hills and vales where the restless wind has put it — like a great ocean petrified in some moment of rage. One is constantly expecting the wind which made the hilly billows to return and set them in motion again. For there are no rock beds to anchor them. Well-diggers drill through clay for thirty feet. The grass which grows luxuriantly all over the land is the nutritious prairie grass of the Mississippi Valley — the rank kind that laves the buggy-bed when one drives across it with the sibilant swish of still waters gently moved. One might drive all day and never hear the grate of gravel under the wheels. The roads, which are few and direct — ignoring section lines and striking 'cross country with Indian abruptness — cut the sod into sand and the sand into powder in a few days. With much travel a road grows old and deep in a day. Then in droughty seasons — such as this has been — the road becomes a heavy, dry slough, with a dry muck of powdered sand, shoe-mouth deep in it. But a night's rain will harden it.

Over roads like this came the caravan to Lawton. Lawton is the capital of the new country — the seat of the Government land office — the Mecca of the land-hungry pilgrims. The nearest point to Lawton on a railroad is Marlow, Indian Territory, thirty miles away. But freight and passengers also come by way of Duncan and Rush

Corner of Grand and Oco-Goo Avenues, Lawton

A typical Lawton store and crowd in the tented town

Oco-Goo Avenue, Lawton, the day before the opening

Springs and Anadarko. According to the proclamation of the President, the new lands were to be opened for entry August 6. Town lots in Lawton and Anadarko and Hobart—county-seats of the three counties organized by the proclamation—were to be sold by auction on that day. Prospective settlers had the right to enter the new country to examine their land before filing upon it. So it happened that many days before the opening the pilgrimage to Lawton started. But the rush—the wild stampede of men across the prairies, it might well be called—began the second day of August. From that day for seven days and seven long nights, stopping neither for sun nor for moonrise, nor for rain nor fair weather, the land-hungry Anglo-Saxon swarmed into the new country pell-mell, helter-skelter, with a rattling of spokes, a creaking of axles, a jingling of trace-chains, a lowing of herds, a neighing of horses, a tinkling of sheep-bells, and with a murmur of voices all over the plain that dedicated it at once to civilization and the work of man. In vain did the Indian dogs incant their lugubrious protest to the stars. The deed of trespass was done. The wilderness was broken into quarter sections, the desert eternally abolished.

How the Mushroom Capital Sprang Up

Ex-Governor Richards laid out the town site of Lawton. It lies on a hillside and it is two miles long and a mile wide, gently rolling and sloping toward the south and west. In it there is a court-house square; two other squares are reserved for schoolhouses—after the American fashion. But Richards could not know everything. A man who bought a lot in Lawton dug a well. Then he nailed a sign to a stick and stuck it up for him who runs to read: "From this lot to water—two hundred feet—DOWN!" But on the section just south of the town site there is an abundance of water at fourteen feet. Lawton may move from Lawton to the land adjoining it. Still, this is not likely as most of the town has been sold, and improvements are beginning. Next year there may be a system of water-works, and wells may become obsolete and archaic—as they are in most Western towns of over two thousand inhabitants. According to the rules of the game which the settlers were playing, the town site of Lawton was to be left clear of squatters for inspection until the lots passed into the hands of owners at the auction. But between the first and the sixth of August 25,000 people had gathered around the boundaries of Lawton and had built there a town of tents. This town of tents grew on the south and the west sides of the town site as plotted for the Government. There were two principal business streets of the town which met at the southwest corner of the town site—Grand Avenue running east and west, and Goo-Goo Avenue running north and south.

On the day of the opening these avenues extended far beyond the town-site limits of Lawton, and behind these avenues ran parallel streets—residence streets and streets devoted to business which required more frontage than the crowded thoroughfares above-mentioned could afford—lumber, implements, buggies, feed and livery stables, hotels and the like—and all these interests and concerns were under tents. There were eight miles of tent frontage outside the town before a board was put in place on the town site. In the tents facing the main thoroughfares was all the staple merchandise of rudimentary American civilization: meat, groceries, provisions, dry goods, clothing, shoes, haberdashery, notions, restaurant wares, lemonade, candy, peanuts, popcorn, and the confections of the county fair; millinery, drugs, jewelry, hardware, harness, furniture, and innumerable pyramids of watermelons. The saloons were there, but they did not open until the law gave them rights; the gamblers were there also, but theirs is a story by itself.

Over the tents, many of which were white, while others were striped in blue or red, and still others in solid colors of navy blue and brown denim, flags floated. At the tent doors and sides banners waved and signs flapped unintelligibly. The bark of the vender of soft drinks and cry of the water peddler were the only street cries that interrupted the song of the grass-locust and the squeak of the katydid's fiddle. The place looked like a festival, yet it was as quiet as a prison. There was no note of music: no barrel-organ, no concord of more or less sweet sounds from dusky vagrant troubadours, nor even the pleasing of the upright ebony lute of the dance halls.

There was no hilarious mirth, no exhibit of revelry—nothing but old business in the place. It was an inverted street fair: people were trying to save as much as possible and they were getting very little fun out of it. Still they were enjoying their parsimony and their pride in it made them good-natured. But it was not the raillery of savagery; it was the repressed good nature of civilization. For the externals of the place were not barbarous; men went back to tents, of course, but they slept on wire cots and the food was cooked on gasoline stoves. There were no camp-fires, no shake-downs. Everything was tamed, domesticated and docile but the sky-line. That was heroic and inspiring. And in the distant horizon, far to the northward, the serrating peaks of the purple Wichita Mountains bit into the great circle of the sky-line and made it imperfect, natural, and kept it unbound by geometrical convention.

The School in the Field of the Cloth of Ducking

So much for the stage setting; now for the characters. The crowd that tramped the sod streets of the tented town outside of Lawton was an American crowd. Probably no other crowd of twenty-five thousand people ever assembled anywhere on the American continent more thoroughly American in blood, in traditions, in temperament. Yet it was a most cosmopolitan crowd, with the cosmopolis limited to America. It was of the North and of the South. Probably never in the world will so many Texas people meet so many Kansas people. Iowa and Arkansas bunked together. Michigan neighbored with Alabama. Minnesota met up with Georgia and New York traded ponies and swapped yarns with Oklahoma. But the names filed at the land office might have been taken from the charter of Jamestown and from the log-book of the Mayflower. The field of the cloth of ducking is a school. There the Texas man who snaps his corn is learning from Kansas the wisdom of husking and shelling it; the Arkansas man who unhitches by skinning his horses out of the harness without unhitching the tugs, leaving the harness over the doubletrees, is learning from the Nebraskan to hang the harness on a peg and save a tangle. The Kansas man, whose nervous, syncopated sentences jump along on the high places of protruding verbs and jagged adjectives, is learning the use of conversation from the nonchalant, easy-going, careful-speaking Texan, and the gruff, bluff, careless Dakotan is learning the amenities of life from the punctilious gentleman from Alabama. The next generation in the new country, and all over Oklahoma, in fact, where this blending of American types and manners and morals is in progress, will be a wonderful one. It may have all that is fine and brave in "Dixie" and all that is strong and efficient in the Yankee.

(Continued on Page 14)

How a U. S. Senator Earns His Salary

By William E. Mason — **Senator from Illinois**

HOW does a United States Senator earn his salary? By hustling like a farm-hand in harvest season! That is the shortest and truest answer that can be made to the question which has been proposed to me.

The Senator who is afflicted with an ambition for reelection, or with as strong a sense of conscientiousness in the discharge of his official duties as if he were working for a corporation instead of a constituency, or with a heart that pumps red blood and is touched to pity by the infirmities of the unfortunate, will find every waking moment crowded with toil of the most exacting kind. The fact that I am a confessed sufferer from the first complaint and am accused by uncritical friends and generous enemies of being a victim of the other maladies, furnishes the only sufficient basis on which to account for my selection for this task.

Let me make one point clear at the outset. In attempting to give an idea of the severe and often absurd demands made upon a United States Senator, I must disclaim the attitude of making any appeal to the sympathy of the reader. If the Senate contains a member who has been impressed into it against his will the secret is well kept! Not even the traditions of Senatorial courtesy require the acceptance of such a fiction. If a Senator feels that his people have forced upon him a life of burdensome toil he need not take the trouble to resign. Let him neglect his correspondence, refuse to visit the departments in behalf of constituents who "want things," and fail to interest himself in securing appointments for office-seekers; let him devote himself solely to the task of shaping legislation and making a reputation as an orator. At the end of his term he will find himself permanently relieved of his irksome duties—and another man in his seat! Therefore the overworked Senator is not a proper object of sympathy. More than this, it is not becoming for him to criticise and complain of the men whose importunities consume his leisure and make his life a round of incessant toil without the benefit of union hours. These things go with the office; and if he has secured a seat in the United States Senate without recourse to the same methods as those brought to bear upon him he is a rare exception! He may be entitled, however, to discriminate between the various degrees of reasonableness of demands and as to the acceptability of the manner in which they are pressed; and certainly he is privileged to see and enjoy the amusing side of the experiences which come to him in the course of his official duties.

There is no lack of variety in the work which the public cuts out for a Senator. If he acted upon all the suggestions which come to him in the course of one week's mail he would probably be a subject for the tender attentions of an undertaker. So far as my own experience goes, this statement may be accepted as literally true.

Senator William E. Mason

Immediately following my speech on the duty of the United States toward Cuba, following the sinking of the Maine, I received in a single week two challenges from Spanish gentlemen with impossible names to meet them upon the field of honor. One named Madrid as the meeting-place, but the other was more generous and gave me the choice of any spot on earth. Both of these epistles gave me the title of "Hog American." One was from a distinguished editor of a Spanish paper and the other came from the Queen's Chamberlain.

It was clearly impossible to save my honor by refusing to fight on the ground that the challengers were not of suitable rank and social station. Then, too, I labored under a severe handicap, for my two hundred and fifty pounds are massed on a framework of inconvenient shortness. However, a way out of my difficulty was suddenly opened as soon as the challenges were made public. Immediately I received seven volunteer offers from men eager to act as my substitute. The most tempting of these was from a thoroughbred Westerner who became a dashing member of the Rough Riders. He proposed the most generous of terms to the challengers.

"I will fight them both at once," he said, "and give them rifles, while I will use only a six-shooter."

But the most ingenious proposal came from a newspaper man who remarked:

"Yes; you are a bit large and lumpy; but the advantage you offer as a target can be offset by a proper arrangement. Let your antagonist stand up against you and have his outline drawn upon the front of your person in bold chalk lines. Then let the fight go on with the understanding that all shots landing outside chalk lines are not to count."

This suggestion was ingenious, but its possibilities were not pleasant enough to secure its acceptance. Before the affair was settled, however, the duelling spirit had spread throughout all Spain, and Dewey, Sampson and Schley took the matter in hand and gave my Madrid correspondents complete satisfaction.

Another revelation which a Senator's mail brings to him is a knowledge of the number of men who feel that, in view of the pitiable failure he has made, there is nothing left for him to do but resign or commit suicide. These correspondents are not backward in making either their observations or suggestions plain; they leave nothing to inference or private interpretation. Occasionally, in times of great public disturbance and popular passion, they go to still greater lengths and actually threaten bodily violence. In the course of the Spanish war I received several anonymous letters threatening my life. Other Senators were annoyed in a similar manner.

Though the recipient of such letters does not usually attach any serious importance to them, they are not without an unpleasant and depressing influence. Generally the Senator who receives these threats instructs his private secretary not to show him any further epistles of this character, but to preserve them for reference in case any attempt should be made upon his life by a fanatic.

Next in unpleasantness to these menacing communications are those in which disappointed seekers for political or official favors give full rein to their spleen in tirades of personal abuse. Tradition presumes that the office of United States Senator is hedged about with a dignity affording ample protection against offenses of this kind. But a glimpse at the correspondence of any Senator will speedily dispel this pleasant illusion, and that, too, in the most unflattering manner. Frequently the opening of a Senator's mail brings a welcome relief in the form of a letter so droll in contents or wording that he is compelled to pause in his grind of dictation and indulge in a good, hearty laugh. Many of these letters are extremely personal in their nature and some of them are appeals to the Senator to arbitrate family differences. Not long ago I received a letter from a stranger who explained that he and his wife had decided to adopt an infant. He favored the selection of a boy baby, but his wife's heart was set upon a girl. I was expected to umpire his domestic

difficulty. As an indication of his open-mindedness on the subject and his willingness to accept my decision he closed his letter with the declaration: "I want a boy. My wife she want a girl. But I don't care witch."

The genealogists are an important factor in the Senatorial correspondence. As an example of this class of epistles I quote from one which recently came to my desk. It reads: "Are you the William E. Mason who ran away from home in 1850? If so, I am your only remaining sister." To this I was compelled to make the disappointing reply that, as I arrived on earth in the year 1850, I was debarred from the privilege of claiming relationship with my correspondent on the basis of the proof named in her communication.

Thousands of requests for seeds, bulbs and small fish are received by every Western Senator. Often these requests are decidedly exacting and their literal fulfillment would demand the special training of an expert. As an example of these demands I take the following from a postal card: "Will carp eat bass? If not, send me some carp."

All these inquiries and demands, no matter how trivial, absurd or exacting they may seem to the Senator, must be carefully, courteously and promptly answered. They are important in the estimation of his correspondent; they are among the things which a constituent has the right to ask of his representative in the upper house of Congress, and a failure to respond to one of the least of these calls may result in offense to the dominant political influence of a township, a county, or perhaps a district. No matter whether actuated by a sense of duty or by a regard for his own selfish interests, he will see that the request for a package of seeds, for a name for the baby, or for a bit of personal advice gets as painstaking a response as does the request for an appointment to a Government position paying a handsome salary.

How Constituents are Looked Out For

The volume of correspondence handled by a busy Senator is greater than that which comes to many a prosperous business house. In one month I have received seven thousand letters. This means that, in addition to a private secretary, the Senator must have from one to four stenographers at his command. A portion of this clerical service is provided by the Government in the persons of committee clerks; but the member of the Senate who does not have to pay from his private purse for stenographic work is uncommonly fortunate.

A very heavy portion of a Senator's work is in connection with pension claims. To handle this branch of his labors successfully demands an amount of technical skill and special information possessed by few men who have not devoted years to work in the pension department or as pension attorneys. Every claim, no matter how small, calls for the examination of a formidable array of documents. If the Senator is from a large and populous State this class of demands would alone take his entire time if he attempted personally to attend to its details. Consequently he is forced to the expedient of adding to his private pay-roll a pension expert. Even with the assistance of the latter the Senator must go in person and present each claim to the department officials, else he can expect small results.

Owing to the existence of a royal tradition which holds that "the King can do no wrong"—or rather, that the Government of the United States cannot be sued at law—the Senator is compelled to spend much time in pressing personal claims for his constituents, whose only relief is through the concession of a department official or through Congress itself. A lumber merchant, for instance, contracts to deliver to the Government a certain amount of lumber. The contract has the usual formality in the shape of a clause specifying that a certain heavy forfeit shall be paid by the lumber dealer in event of failure to make the total delivery on the day specified. Through no negligence on his part, and by reason of circumstances wholly beyond his control, he is two days behind in completing his delivery. The Government suffers no hardship or inconvenience by reason of this delay, but the official having the matter in charge does not see fit to exercise the liberality almost invariably practiced in private commercial life regarding things of this kind, and stands upon the letter of the contract. This throws the business into the hands of the Senator, to whom the private contractor appeals. If he cannot effect a proper settlement through the proper department channel he must have recourse to a "relief" bill. Thousands of these measures—and of just claims, too—are now before Congress. Most of them "die on the calendar;" but in spite of this discouraging prospect the Senator must work for the relief bills as energetically as if confident of their passage. Not a few of these claims have behind them histories of the most pathetic nature. I recall one brought by the widow of a teamster employed in hauling material to a Government building in process of construction. While he was stopping to eat his luncheon at the building a workman on a hoist above him carelessly allowed a box to drop upon his head, instantly killing him. Had the building belonged to a private person or corporation, the widow of the driver could have effected a speedy settlement or brought a suit which would have given her claim a fair and prompt adjustment at the hands of a jury. But now she is compelled to wait the slow and almost hopeless process of a relief bill in Congress.

The Ways of the Hustling Office-Seeker

Business in connection with the War and Navy Departments makes large demands upon the time of a Senator. He must make almost daily calls at these places to seek promotions, transfers, leaves-of-absence and discharges. These duties have been especially onerous since the beginning of the war with Spain.

Then comes the pressure of office-seekers in general. The volume and persistency of these demands pass the comprehension of any man who has not himself been at the point where they focus. But, as I have already said, no Senator has a right to complain on this score. He should be willing to take his own medicine and take it cheerfully. Office-seekers may broadly be divided into two classes: those who have strong and definite claims upon their party, and those who seek appointment upon grounds far less substantial and well-defined. The former are much more easily satisfied, are more reasonable in their demands, and more agreeable in the manner in which they press their claims upon the attention of the man who represents their State and party in the Senate. The State politician of genuine influence and standing, who is sure of his ground and his party standing, generally says to his Senator: "I should like this or that office. If you can't get it for me I'll be contented with the next best thing. What kind of indorsement do you wish me to furnish?" He follows the suggestions made in response to this question and then waits quietly until named for the office or told he will have to content himself with a second choice. Not so with the man who feels that his hope rests upon the amount of energy he displays in hunting the office he covets! The persistency shown by men of this class passes human understanding. It is not difficult for the Senator to understand why the United States is carrying the commercial campaign into the uttermost parts of the earth and outselling the nations that have long believed their industrial and trade supremacy secure. The marvelous energy that haunts his footsteps day and night from Senate Chamber to White House, that tracks him from one department to another, that ambushes him in the quiet little restaurant to which he has retreated for peaceful luncheon, that camps upon the doorsill at dawn and returns to it at dusk, that keeps his telephone jangling until midnight—such a force, such a persistence, is an American trait to be proud of! It cannot be found anywhere else on earth! It is almost equal to the evangelization of China and the conversion of the American people to the doctrine of free silver! There is one limit, however, beyond which it cannot be admired. When the office-seeker steals unannounced into a Senator's home and makes his way into his private apartments he exceeds the bounds of Senatorial courtesy or forbearance, and should consider his case as closed. But does he? No. He gets a coterie of misguided friends to join him in a letter to the Senator whose privacy he has invaded, threatening to defeat that official for reëlection if the coveted appointment be not forthcoming. Experiences of this kind, however, are not the severest trials which a Senator is called upon to bear. The hardest strain to which he can be subjected comes when his conscience demands that he take a position upon some great public question that is opposed to the views of his closest personal friends and party associates. And more than one Senator has done this in the course of the exciting events of the last three years! At present we are too near those events to have the personal cost of such a stand appreciated, but the passage of time will vindicate the courage required for the ordeal, irrespective of the merits of the contention.

When a Senator is a Statesman

Thus far I have made no reference to the feature of a Senator's work which is popularly supposed to be the principal one—the main function of his office—that of law-making in the broader sense of the term. When does he indulge the luxury of statesmanship? When does he find opportunity for the study of great public questions? For the preparation of speeches? For the drafting of measures which are to become laws for the government of the greatest country on the globe? For the defense of constitutional principles? Generally this must be done some time between midnight and the breakfast hour. Such, at least, is my personal experience. There is never an hour of any day in the session of Congress when my private secretary cannot find me—and seldom an hour when I am not found and interviewed by some person outside my family circle—unless it be before breakfast or after midnight. This is the common experience. Preparations for the big battles of active legislation, the conflicts of oratory and argument, are made ready "between days," in the hours when the darkest deeds on the criminal calendar are done!

Those Senators who have the wealth and inclination for social life add to the work I have suggested a heavy burden of gay duties demanding a large expenditure of time and energy. This has its compensations; but its costs are to be counted, for they are by no means light.

"JACKY" AT PLAY

By C. A. McAllister
United States Revenue Cutter Service

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an adage that is duly regarded in the treatment of Uncle Sam's men in the Navy. Though the numerous and varied drills which go to make an efficient ship's company, and the work necessary to keep everything "shipshape," are onerous, ample time is given the sailors to amuse themselves.

Naturally, boat-racing is a very popular sport, and one to which the officers give every encouragement. Each ship generally has a racing crew of from four to ten men who are ready at all propitious times to accept challenges from other vessels of our own and other nations. The naval method of issuing a challenge is for the challenging crew to row under the stern of the vessel from which a competing crew is desired and "toss oars"—that is, hold them vertically with the blades uppermost.

An international race is, of course, more interesting and exciting than one between the crews of American vessels only. Such races usually occur on a national holiday of one of the competing parties. Sufficient funds are raised by popular subscription to insure substantial prizes for the victors.

Should there be no other vessel lying in the harbor when the racing spirit runs high, rival crews are formed from the sailors and the firemen. These arouse fully as much interest among their supporters as do the races between different vessels. The sailors, as may be supposed, are more familiar with the handling of oars, but the firemen make up for their deficiency in skill by their superior strength. Exciting contests usually occur between such competitors, and the sailors do not always win.

Occasionally a race is arranged between firemen and sailors in balsas, or flatboats, which are used as floats while painting ship. Ten or twelve persons man each boat, and, instead of oars, shovels used as paddles furnish the propelling power. The length of the course is usually half a mile, and the attempts at speed are very ludicrous. Seen from a distance the splashing contestants resemble two perambulating fountains. As no rudders or steering oars are used, the course pursued is very similar to the trail of a garden worm. The firemen usually win in these contests on account of their greater familiarity with the shovel.

Firemen and Sailors in Boxing Bouts

The "manly art of self-defense" is also much in vogue as an amusement in the Navy. When the weather is warm this pastime is indulged in nearly every evening after supper has been served. "Jacky's" profession is obviously a pugnacious one, and he usually takes to boxing as a duck does to water. Many of the sailors develop into excellent boxers, and there is generally a keen rivalry among the different sets of men comprising the crew of a war-vessel. The firemen usually have a champion who is pitted against the leading fistic light of the deck force, and the marine guard are not at all behind in backing their champion against either of the others. While these contests are entered into with great spirit, and the blows exchanged are not of the feather-pillow sort, the utmost good feeling prevails, and it is seldom necessary to separate the contestants on account of slugging.

Japanese and Chinese cooks or servants are found on nearly all war-vessels, and the scheming "Jacky" takes advantage of their natural antipathy for one another. After considerable cajoling they are often persuaded to put on the gloves. Spurred on by the encouraging shouts of the sailors, they pummel one another about with as much grace as might be expected of a pair of cart-horses in a waltz. The sponging down and fanning of the principals between the rounds is as comical a sight as can well be imagined. These Mongolian contests usually result in the simultaneous giving up of both parties on account of lack of breath, rather than from any punishment received.

In addition to the healthful exercise gained in boxing, the training thus obtained is of great value to the enlisted men in shore engagements, and as teaching them a means of defending themselves from attacks when they are unarmed.

Swimming is another sport much enjoyed by the average sailor. It not only provides considerable amusement, but is beneficial from a hygienic standpoint. This diversion can be indulged in on almost any evening when the vessel is anchored where the water is sufficiently warm and where sharks are not too numerous. It is surprising to observe the alacrity with which the men can divest themselves of their clothing and plunge overboard after the swimming call is sounded by the ship's bugler. In one or two minutes after this welcome sound the water around the ship will be alive with muscular-looking men going through all sorts of aquatic antics. Impromptu races around the ship are entered into; and, in fact, some of the men appear to lack only scales and fins to make perfect fish in the water. During the swimming-time, the officer of the deck always makes preparation for the rescue of any who may be attacked by cramps or overcome with fatigue by having two or three boats rowing around among the swimmers, ready to give aid at a moment's notice.

Field Days on a Warship's Deck

On important holidays a sort of field day is arranged among the crew, and the officers contribute liberally for the purchase of prizes. An elaborate program of sports is prepared, and if the ship is equipped with a printing-press dodgers are issued calling the attention of all on board to the great event. These programs include such sports as tug-of-war, obstacle race, sack race, potato race, climbing a greased pole, walking contest, running match, high and broad jumping, boxing at different weights, and wrestling. Referees and judges are selected from among officers and men indiscriminately, and the bars of discipline are more nearly let down on these occasions than at any other time. Everybody in the ship is greatly interested, either as participant or spectator. The greatest good nature prevails, and applause and laughter alternate at frequent intervals. The sack racing and the greased-pole climbing always produce roars of laughter from the onlookers. The tug-of-war contests are sometimes participated in by almost the entire ship's company divided into two watches. A hawser is rigged through a snatch-block secured to the deck, and the men on each side heave and haul for five minutes as if their lives depended upon the result. The potato race consists in picking up potatoes which have been distributed along the deck at regular distances, and carrying each one by itself back to the starting-point and placing it in a basket. Other contests not strictly of an athletic nature are included in the list. The grotesqueness of a competitive cake-walk adds much to the amusement of the day. Then, too, a pie-eating contest is not overlooked in the general festivities.

Though in the nature of the case "Jacky" must forego baseball, football, golf, and similar diversions, he manages in his own way to provide himself with amusements which not only beguile his spare moments but contribute in no small degree to his physical well-being.

American Brains and Foreign Markets—By Charles R. Flint

AMERICAN brains have won the foreign markets for American manufactures. To hold these markets we must depend on the young men who are entering business life to-day. Our energies should be bent toward training these young men for this work. The captains of industry who blazed the way have very generally retired or are retiring. They worked under most tremendous difficulties. They had no fixed lines along which to proceed. They had to feel their way over every inch of ground. They had to buy their experience, and it was a costly process. They had to build up a reputation, for American goods had no standing at all abroad. They had to meet the fiercest competition on the part of thoroughly trained, thoroughly equipped European manufacturers. They had to overcome the handicap of cheap labor. They had to overcome the most intense prejudice against the "Yankee" and his contrivances, a prejudice that was so intense that those not in the battle can hardly appreciate the difficulty that lay in this item alone. They had to overcome distance. They had to overcome methods that had been in vogue for centuries.

That was the fight as nearly as it can be described in words, and it has been won. The victory is the greatest demonstration of the control of mind over matter ever recorded in the industrial history of the world.

Domestic Prosperity Based on Foreign Trade

That the victory is undoubted is shown all about. It is shown in the cries of alarm that reach us from all the great industrial centres of Europe—from Germany, from England, from France, from Austria. For the first time since civilization began Europe is in concert over one proposition—the danger that menaces from American trade competition and the necessity of doing something to meet and lessen this danger. But what is to be done?

An economic alliance, suggests one authority; a prohibitive tariff, says another; and so on. All sorts of panaceas are paraded, and, without exception, they are not panaceas at all. As a matter of fact, nothing is to be done; nothing can be done. Europe must simply stand by and see us eat into her trade on all sides. She has had her day. The Industrial Empire has moved westward. Much of our abounding prosperity to-day is to be attributed directly to this fact, to the opening of the foreign markets to our manufactures.

American furniture is selling in London, Berlin, Paris and Vienna, and in consequence the great American furniture centres, already taxed to fill the domestic demand, are enlarging their plants and increasing their force of workmen. Naturally, the wages of cabinet-makers feel the impetus, and every mechanic in this line who wants work can find it. American shoes are being worn by the rich and the poor in England and throughout the continent, and as a result the great American shoe towns are working overtime. American machinery has the call from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, and the American machinist is the beneficiary. The American metal worker, the American miller, the American spinner, the ink maker, the paper maker, the lumberman, and the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker, all are living better than they ever did before in any country on earth, and for this boon they are indebted is no small extent to the enormous demand for their handiwork that exists in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, and other foreign lands. Last year our exports amounted in round numbers to fifteen hundred million dollars. Five years ago the total exports were less than nine hundred million, so that we show an increase within that period of over six hundred million.

Enormous as these figures are, showing the tremendous rate at which we have increased our sales in the markets of the world, they do not demonstrate even remotely the importance of the foreign trade to our general well-being.

In a measure, it is with a nation as with an individual. While he consumes all his own products the individual exists; when he finds a market in which he can sell his surplus for cash he lives. He is able to buy comforts that were formerly denied him. His mind expands, his ideas grow. He tastes for the first time of true civilization. He reads books, he educates his children. His house, instead of being a mere shelter, becomes a comfortable retreat, where there is room for the development of the higher faculties. His floors are carpeted, his furniture is pleasant to look at. The piano, or organ, comes in due time to supply the natural craving for entertainment. By and by he has all the things for comfort and convenience that he needs, and he can lay by for old age or rainy days, so that he can look forward to a peaceful future free from the racking necessity for constant work to keep body and soul together.

The country that reaches foreign markets after having built up its home trade is like the pioneer farmer, who, having cut out a clearing in the wilderness, finds by and by that a town has sprung up at his door where he may sell a portion of his crop. He is no longer restricted in his endeavors. Instead of raising only what he can eat and wear, he raises enough additional to secure for himself and his family all those things that advanced people demand. He has become a factor in the world. His view is broadened, his mind quickened. He has enlarged opportunities. He can offer steady employment to the workingmen in the district. He has the positive assurance of a much longer period of prosperity than could ever have been possible when his field was restricted to his domestic requirements.

The Triumph of American Business Methods

A great export trade means the uplifting of a nation in a political, industrial and patriotic sense. Dollar for dollar, it is in this respect of greater importance than domestic trade. The United States has for some years been the wealthiest nation in the world. Its domestic production and consumption has excelled that of the nations of Europe. But until we became the factor in the world's commerce that we are to-day we remained a second-class nation.

Now we are a power to be reckoned with everywhere on the globe. The American citizen has come into his own. Instead of being met with an indulgent smile or a sarcastic sneer, his words are listened to with attention, whether they concern matters of policy at our doors or in countries thousands of miles away. There are many good people among us who perhaps do not esteem this as a great blessing, but the true-blooded American must of necessity feel proud of the position that his country has won.

To my mind, the most gratifying factor connected with the fight that has placed us in the forefront is that we have won by peaceful methods. That the period of our greatest prosperity was almost coincident with our success in the Spanish-American War was a mere accident. If we had never fought the Spaniards and whipped them we should none the less be where we are to-day, at the head of the procession. The main item in our world expansion was not the demonstration that we gave of our physical prowess, but the culmination of the force of our brain power as evidenced in our trade control. We had been working for many years to reach this period. Our merchants and our manufacturers had been steadily perfecting their machinery. They knew that they had at their control unlimited natural resources, beside which the best that lay in Europe and the outside world was insignificant. It was a question simply of building up a system for the perfect handling of these resources, and that system we now have in excellent shape. It came when we learned to appreciate the economy and wisdom of trade combination. This business scheme once applied, our overwhelming success was inevitable.

The Struggle that has Only Begun

We have behind us a continent that is still practically undeveloped. We have only scratched the surface. Our riches have not begun to be touched. We are only starting in on the work that lies before us. Great as our expansion and our industrial progress have been, it is pygmy compared with what it may be and what it will be. Other nations may copy our methods and draw therefrom considerable benefit, but they cannot hope to wrest from us the industrial leadership we have gained, for they have not the natural resources that make these methods operative and valuable.

At the same time, however, we cannot afford to lie idle. To hold the Trade Empire that has come to us we must keep constantly at our work. We must not permit the knowledge of our great natural advantages to lull us into inactivity. We are in the lead after years of struggling, but our rivals are wide-awake. They have come to realize that their trade is slipping away from them and they are working with might and main to hold their own.

Our confidence in our own strength is one of the most serious dangers that threatens us. The great prosperity that is in the land is liable to blind us to the fact that our competitors in Europe are by no means weaklings. The cry of our world domination has been taken up so generally that many men, even among those active in the trade struggle, are beginning to believe that England and Germany and France and the other nations on the other side of the Atlantic are in a state of industrial decay. This is far from being the case. Great Britain last year, with an enervating war dragging at all her enterprises, exported practically as much merchandise as we did. Germany was a close second, and France and the others were all well along. And they all showed a steady growth; not a decline, as many suppose. The only difference between us was that our growth was very much greater than theirs.

How Germany Stole a March on England

When the American first went out into the world to apply himself seriously to the task of winning his share of its trade he faced a very trying situation. It was, apparently, almost a hopeless situation. Most of the important markets of the world were controlled by the English. English shipping had carried the English flag everywhere and trade had followed the flag into the remotest corners of the earth. With abundant coal and iron, with skilled labor trained through generations, the Englishman had all but a monopoly of trade and manufacture. Behind him was the accumulated gold of centuries. He had, too, the prestige of great political power. Altogether, he found himself in a situation that made him extremely sure of his ground. The idea of serious competition never apparently entered his head. It was this very self-confidence that in the end proved his gravest danger.

The first shock that his self-confidence sustained was the entrance of the German as a successful competitor. The German was tireless and adaptable. Time with him was a secondary factor. He was quite content to sit down and study the field, to establish social relations before bringing his merchandise into evidence. Instead of handling the market from a distance, the German houses sent their young men into the field to settle down, to establish branches, and to build up a permanent trade on satisfactory lines.

This policy had its inevitable consequences. It drove the Englishman out of a great deal of territory where formerly he had been supreme. To his amazement, the Englishman found that the German was not only a better salesman but that he was also, when the conditions were right, a better manufacturer; at least, that he could produce the same quality of goods, in many lines, for less money than they could be produced in England. This was due to two reasons: first, that German labor was cheaper than English labor, and, second, that the German often had a higher mechanical ingenuity. The result was that not alone was the Englishman seriously hampered in neutral markets but that by and by he found the German competing, and competing successfully, with him even in the home market within the British Isles. German sewing machines, German hardware, German woodenware, German glassware, fairly flooded the cities of the United Kingdom.

Sending Only High-Grade Goods

This was the situation when the American came along. England was still the controlling power in the world's trade, with Germany a close second and France and Austria strong in the field. German competition had pushed the Englishman so hard that at last the British mind was awake to the situation and was making heroic endeavors to hold the ground. Trade and manufacturing methods had been enormously stimulated. In every neutral market of the world close and pushing rivalry was on. In the home markets the ingenuity of the tradesman was constantly creating new methods of selling and supplying goods. It seemed a hopeless enough condition for a newcomer, and the ordinary man would probably have drawn off. The American, however, seemed only to be stimulated by what he found. He had developed his home market until the limit had almost been reached. In the process his methods had been perfected to a point that had not been equalled by European manufacturers, with all their rivalry.

But this very fact, at first glance a seeming advantage, added to the difficulty of the American struggle for trade. The foreign buyers had been educated into a state of mind that regarded the European methods as a business essential. They could not understand any other. The bustling, direct qualities of the American did not appeal to them. On the contrary, they only strengthened their prejudices. These methods were even more objectionable in their minds than the driving methods made obnoxious by the English. It required much time, patience and perseverance to overcome this state of the foreign mind. In the end, however, American brains and grit triumphed. The American knew that he had the best goods and the best manufacturing methods, and that it was simply a question of education to make the foreign buyer

realize this. He kept at his task; and his arguments, backed by substantial considerations in value, won the day.

With all his conservatism, the foreigner could not escape being convinced when American goods were persistently offered at prices that the European, with all his cheap labor, could not meet. And it was not in price alone, but in quality also, that the advantage was with us. It is one of the great things in our favor, assuring, with reasonable precaution and perseverance, a continuance of foreign custom, that all the goods we are sending abroad have higher merit than similar goods produced in Europe. We have not gone in for shoddy, cheap and adulterated articles. Production in those lines where adulteration counts or is desirable is controlled by the Englishman and the German.

Of course, the great advantage that the American has is in his high mechanical skill. He has brought a superior mind to bear in the creation of labor-saving devices, so that he produces by steam and electric power articles that the European still produces by hand or by inferior mechanical contrivances. Where we meet goods in which hand labor is a considerable item, we cannot make headway against our competitors. But in those lines where goods are produced over and over again in the same pattern we are supreme. But European countries are gradually waking up to the fact that if anything is to be done to hold us in check it must be done on American lines. A striking illustration of this is to be found in a recent utterance of the Fremdenblatt, of Hamburg. Discussing the phenomenal growth and influence of American trade abroad this paper says that the only salvation lies in the adoption of American business ways.

"We must," declares the Fremdenblatt, "fight Americanism with its own methods; the battle must be fought with their weapons, and wherever possible their weapons must be bettered and improved by us. Germany—Europe—must adopt improved methods in every department of industry, must use more effective machinery. Manufacturers as well as merchants must go to America, send thither their assistants and workingmen, not merely to observe superficially the methods there employed, but to study them thoroughly, to adopt them, and wherever possible to improve upon them, just as the Americans have done and are still doing in Europe."

Figures are ordinarily pretty dry reading. But in discussing foreign trade they illustrate the growing predominance of America as nothing else can. Taking only three years, 1898, 1899 and 1900, almost every item shows an enormous increase. In agricultural implements we sent, in 1898, $9,000,000, and in 1900, $15,000,000. In railroad cars our exports grew from $3,800,000 to $7,300,000. In copper, and articles manufactured out of copper, we sent $34,700,000 in 1898 and $57,000,000 in 1900. Our iron and steel exports grew from $82,000,000 to $129,000,000. Of boots and shoes we sent $2,000,000, in round numbers, in 1898, and $4,500,000 in 1900. In all other products, with a few exceptions, a similar increase is to be noted.

These figures (and the array could be lengthened almost indefinitely) show that the foreign trade is fairly under our control. It behooves us to keep it there. This can be done with absolute certainty provided we do not forget the lessons learned at such cost by the pioneers. We must keep ourselves constantly abreast of the times, and must with unflagging energy of interest continue the perfection of our machinery and the training of our young men.

The End of the Deal—By Will Payne

His chin fell and he went off to sleep

SEVENTH CHAPTER

IT WAS Laura herself who answered Robert's ring that evening and let him into the house. She wore a plain muslin dress. In her absolute assurance of that future which was so little beyond them, she delighted her heart by anticipating its simple conditions in every way possible. Her costly dresses were put aside. When she went out of an evening in her simplest gown she felt herself already joyously accepting the limitations of Robert's purse. Her ardor drew a happy inspiration from the fact that she was dressed less expensively than any other woman there. To go uptown in the street cars was an act of faith from which she derived the deepest happiness. When Robert called she listened for his ring, running to admit him herself; and meeting him at the door in this way was like meeting him at the veritable door of their future.

Robert stood a moment on the doorstep, not offering to enter, broadly beaming at her. He liked to have his wordless joke with her in this manner, over the running to the door, the muslin gown, the street-car rides; but he was sensible of the perfect faith which made her ardor full of dignity.

He had his other precious joke—the success of the motor. Their automobile was ready for them. The marriage might now take place in April, as they had planned. He began telling her about it at once. They went to the second parlor off the hall, where they sat alone talking it over.

It was an odd whim which moved Wells to walk in there.

The broker had spent the evening at his office. He had checked over figures, made calculations, written letters, left instructions, all in the manner of the sober, self-contained reasoning man of business; yet all the while amid these ordinary activities a great, hot intoxication glowed in the centre of his mind. He was winning. His profits were piling up thousands upon thousands. Fortunes were showering into his hands. He was winning from Bowles. Even the infallible miller, the acknowledged potentate, the undefeated favorite of the gods, now felt the touch of his power and bent beneath it. After his long struggle below he was now emerging high and far on the golden uplands.

But there was more than this. The scarcity of breadstuffs at home, the foreign demand, the talk of war, had at last infected all Christendom with a panic to buy wheat. Every man felt an irresistible power in the market, begotten of a sudden world-wide impulse. Wells was no longer the harassed adventurer hazardously struggling to devise a rise. The market rose of itself in response to an overpowering movement, and Wells simply floated up with the great tide. No man felt this uncontrollable force which had come into the market more keenly than the veteran speculator himself. The converging of this irresistible impulse beat upon his nerves, stimulating and intoxicating him. He walked in front, but there was the sound of a million feet behind him.

This afternoon one of the office men, bending over the ticker and shouting out the quotations for the crowd which was too impatient to wait for them to be put on the blackboard, cried: "Ninety-six for May—now a quarter—a half—sells at ninety-seven!"

The youth's voice vibrated with excitement, and to the crowd of speculators—Wells' followers—these cries were like the shouts of victory in battle. Hardened nerves thrilled at them. Wells' face was impassive; but a great red glow burned in his mind.

When he left the office in the evening, chancing to glance over at the white, formidable square of the bank—the Gibraltar of finance—the inordinately drunken idea came to him that his power was as great as the bank's. In his mind there was the sense of an immense space, in which he stood solitary, commanding.

Entering the hall of his house he saw the light in the second room, heard his daughter's low, happy laughter, and felt an odd impulse to put his triumph on a more intimate stage; to show himself for a moment in his victory. He stepped to the door, entered the room, his lean, stooped figure as ill-dressed as usual, his chin stubbled over with a two days' beard. Yet, in his mien, in his dark eyes, something of his triumph showed—a gleam through the hard crust from the great glow in his mind. He entered the room, and halted.

The two young people sat near together in the corner. They looked up, surprised at the entrance of this figure amid the intimacy of their talk, in the atmosphere of their dream, even embarrassed for a moment as though some apology were expected from them.

Wells saw the two bright young faces turned toward him in surprise, with a touch of embarrassment which predicated the intimacy of their talk and the atmosphere of their dream; and again he felt the everlasting triumph of youth and love in respect to which he was helpless, which would push him off the boards as a troublesome old supernumerary.

The instant's check passed. Now Robert was coming forward, still a little embarrassed, but eager, solicitous. The men shook hands, exchanged some empty commonplaces; both self-conscious. Laura stood beside her lover, glancing at him proudly, and at her father whom her eyes at once thanked and entreated. Plainly the young man was the important fact here. Wells understood it as he got himself away. For a moment he vaguely blamed the selfishness of her love, vaguely felt himself lonely. He went upstairs to his den. His dark eyes glanced out at the street. The feeling of power and victory returned. Again there was in his mind the sense of an immense space in which he stood solitary, triumphant.

Laura watched her father leave the room. That indefinable pathos with which he sometimes impressed her, and which she could not understand, came over her afresh. The departing figure, going out of the atmosphere of their dream, seemed old, bent, solitary. A sudden solicitude troubled her heart. She felt herself someway to blame because she had let him go that way. In her joy she had not only the will but the need to love him more. Yet that was so difficult. He was so hard, so absent.

"I'm glad of this!" Robert was saying to her.

She understood that and was happy with him over it. The father's concession seemed really important, as though he were at last giving something more than a grudging consent. They returned to their joy. The wedding was to be on the last day of April.

EIGHTH CHAPTER

THE last day of April came singularly fair, a holiday, a Sabbath in the serene progress of the seasons. Wells, glancing from his study window about noon, caught the wide, bright effect. His shaken mind dimly and fleetingly conceived a whole, sweet, sound, serene world apart from the murky sphere in which he lived. For an instant his eye rested with dumb, hungry sympathy upon a young tree growing in the parked way beside the boulevard. Then he came to himself with a little start; found himself staring vacantly at a mere tree; took up his coil of thought and resumed the restless pacing.

The serene progress of the seasons had not been favorable to the wheat market. Argentine and the Northwest seemed to have discovered bottomless granaries. They poured forth their cargoes of grain in endless processions. Spring had come, and everywhere there was promise of abundant harvest. The little threat of war had passed like a swift cloud. The Powers now smiled as blandly as this April day. And Bowles—in this crucial day of doubt the miller was marching up regiment after regiment of his inexhaustible reserves, steadily crushing the market with the slow weight of his millions.

Wells, in his triumph, had rushed on far too far—caught in the lure of game, eager to seize the least possible advantage. He had seen the more wary of his followers slip away. Some of them had openly joined the other side. The commercial writers talked of a decline in the market, adducing numberless reasons. His money was exhausted; but even to himself he would not make the intolerable admission that the deal was going to fail. He stood with his back to the wall, inwardly consumed with rage to fight it out, rage against his cowardly followers, rage against the stupid prophets who talked of defeat, most of all rage against Bowles.

Pacing with his shuffling gait, he began thinking of a stroke which might be executed in the Liverpool market. Somewhere in the cellarage of his toiling mind there was the painful consciousness of a special affliction—why was he so far from the office, cut off from that instant, telegraphic touch with the markets which was so important at this critical time? He was trimly brushed and shaven. His lank figure was encased in a long black coat. He wore gray trousers and patent-leather shoes. This ceremonial garb obtruded upon the hard coil of his thoughts—of course it was Laura's wedding which they were preparing downstairs.

He glanced at the little clock on his desk. It was almost noon. He wondered with a kind of anguish how long this interruption would last. Wheat might be anything by this time. He struggled painfully against the need to get to a telephone and find out what was going on. He heard the doorbell ringing and knew that some guests were downstairs. Glancing out he happened to see the young clergyman crossing the street with a vigorous, swinging step, in the bland sunshine, looking up smilingly at the house. He found that he disliked the clergyman, although he had never thought of him before. He was strangely loth to go downstairs. He wished to wait till the last minute so that there would be no delay and he would not have to speak to anybody.

There were only a score of guests, all intimates of the family or of Harper. Coming into the parlor with Laura, Wells recognized Holiday, who looked at him with a kind of gloom, and Mrs. Jamieson who beamed with a moist fondness at everybody. The others were familiar, all standing up solemnly as though it were a funeral.

The little ineffectual snatch of wedding music was turned off abruptly. The young clergyman began speaking rapidly in a clear, fresh voice. This was Laura standing before him. Wells was aware of her graceful figure in a brown traveling dress, of the mass of her hair. But he avoided looking at her. The dim black-coated figure beside her was Harper, of course.

The broker looked straight ahead of him, not moving a muscle. The clergyman's fresh, rapid voice ceased. Wells

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of August 24.

looked around involuntarily. He saw Harper stoop and kiss the girl's lips before the roomful, and his heart suddenly clutched together as though his girl were dead. The bridegroom, quite pale, inwardly agitated, solemn in his joy, looked up from his bride's face and encountered his father-in-law's eyes—so astonished, so full of pain, that the young man suddenly felt ashamed and guilty. Laura had turned to her mother. They were embracing and shedding tears. The guests were clustering up, nervous, agitated, some of the women tearful. Harper, in his agitation, took a step forward and held out his hand, with that odd sense of guilt, dumbly begging to be forgiven. Wells took the extended hand mechanically, looking into the young man's eyes with that deep expression of suffering, without anger or resentment, only with painful surprise as though he were asking helplessly: "Who are you, young man? What are you doing with my girl?"

But Laura was turning to him, pale and agitated like Harper. He felt the slight trembling of her body as he put his hand on her waist. Her agitation seemed the visible motion of her spirit. Stooping to kiss her, her eyes upon his, her emotion subtly enveloping him, even a faint perfume of her hair coming to his nostrils, she was suddenly revealed to him—the blown rose—the woman, no more the girl.

At once he understood it all. She had grown up. She had come into the woman's power of creative love. An immense meaning passed between the father and daughter in a look—as though she, conscious of her power, asked him: "Why wouldn't you let me love you more?" and as though he, astonished, stricken with a useless regret, replied confusedly: "I did not understand—no, it cannot go this way—we must turn back!"

Mrs. Jamieson stood by, tearful, waiting to kiss the bride. Wells looked around at his wife, whose eyes were full of tears. He felt an irreparable loss—a tragic atmosphere.

Every one heard the ring at the doorbell and there was a little pause, a little expectant surprise. Was it a belated guest? A servant appeared, bearing a tray on which lay a letter. The man looked about smiling slightly, uncertain; then offered the letter to Harper. It was directed: "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harper." Harper glanced at the superscription, recognized the writing and handed the letter over to Laura. The guests stood about, excited, expectant. Laura opened the envelope. It contained a little slip of yellow paper on which was written, "With best wishes;" and pinned to the slip was Bowles' check for $10,000.

Instantly the spirit of the company changed. There were exclamations, laughter. At once the solemn air passed away. The tense nerves relaxed in jokes. The company became gay. Laura, coming back to her joy, and moreover, wishing to make the present seem important because it came from Robert's relative, gave the check a little triumphant flourish. Robert was restored to his equanimity. He was secretly proud of his uncle's generosity. The $10,000 in hand was exactly what they needed to put their money affairs in satisfactory shape. It redeemed their position economically. He was happy to have this gift for his bride at so fit a moment. It quite wiped out that secret, humble feeling of guilt. The bride and groom and all the company came back to the joy, the gayety which the wedding finally meant. The tragic moment was overthrown. They were restored to the society air.

Only Wells was not gay. A dreadful humiliation crushed him. It seemed to him that all these people, even his own wife and daughter, were comparing his conduct with that of Bowles.

He had given nothing but a niggardly consent. This shame was so great that for a moment he thought of running out and writing his check for a larger sum. But that would be a silly imitation. His shame was childlike in its poignancy. No schoolboy whose ragged coat is suddenly made conspicuous could feel a keener, more crushing humiliation. He felt a mightier rage against Bowles than he had ever known before—the fat miller, flourishing his wealth even at Laura's wedding and humiliating him this way, pursuing him with his invincible luck even here. He perceived that he was left alone. The tragic air was gone. These people were amusing themselves over Bowles' gift; over Laura's departure. And in a moment the whole wedding became contemptible to him; an affliction to be borne as patiently as possible. All other feeling for it died. The sting and burning of shame and wrath tormented his heart. He wished to have done with this thing and get back to his wheat.

The wedding breakfast dragged itself out. Wells kissed Laura good-by; but she was excited by the departure, by the adieus, full of expansive happiness. There was no meaning in the kiss.

When the guests were gone they left the gay, good-humored happy air with Mrs. Wells.

"Well, I'm glad they got the money," she said, smiling, recurring to the surprise.

"Yes," said Wells dryly as he got into his coat. Let them all go. Let them all admire Bowles. He was going back to his wheat.

He was aware that Holiday was waiting for him in the hall.

NINTH CHAPTER

THE men left the house together. The moment the front door closed behind them Holiday burst out:

"What does this mean, Wells?"

The broker looked around in sheer surprise. He saw Holiday's stumpy barrel-figure, with its wings of side whiskers, in its ceremonial garb, topped by a shining silk hat, and he saw that the man was choking with anger.

"That note from Bowles that you showed me—it was a forgery! Bowles is against you. He's got you licked. He told me so himself. You tricked me. I want my money!" The old merchant's voice trembled with excitement.

Wells instantly understood. Holiday had been to Bowles, or Bowles had been to Holiday.

The two men had halted before the door. Now Wells went down the steps and walked off with rapid strides, without saying a word. He could not speak. There was a terrible irritation in his brain. He knew his own guilt; but it seemed monstrous, intolerable that this thing should happen just now at the crisis when every little thing was so important. They were all shooting at him at once, or Bowles—Bowles was shooting at him from every corner. He could have broken into imprecations. He could have cursed Bowles aloud in the street. Had not Bowles been delivering him inferior wheat and had not the inspection department backed up the miller in thus swindling him? It all whirled furiously in his brain. He felt himself mightily shaken. He dared not stop. He hurried on without a word.

"Hold on there!" Holiday yelled, beside himself at this contemptuous treatment, feeling all the maddening fears of a timid, covetous man who sees a fortune in peril. "I want to talk to you!" he shouted. He ran along the street, puffing, hurrying and trotting to keep up with the broker's rapid stride, quite beside himself with wrath and fear, wildly accusing Wells.

"You tricked me! Bowles says you're an infernal old swindler and I believe him!" he said, panting.

Wells halted abruptly. His mind grew black, enfolded in something ominous, sinister, beside which the merchant's fuming wrath was no more than the petulance of a peevish child. He was still conscious of that self-control to preserve which he was striving. Out of the self-control he spoke, in a very low voice, looking straight ahead:

"Your money's in the deal. You put it in there. You can't get it out till the deal's over. The deal never wanted money more than now. May deliveries begin to-morrow. If you had any sense you'd be looking for more money to put in instead of trying to draw some out."

"What! More money! Not on your life!" Holiday cried, exasperated beyond control by the impudence of the suggestion.

Wells started off again, shutting his teeth on the words: "You're a fool!"

Holiday followed him to the street-railway tracks and climbed on the trolley-car with him. The car was full and they could not talk in there. They took seats on opposite sides of the vehicle, Wells looking at the floor, Holiday glaring over at him. Once Wells glanced across, and there flashed in his brain a vivid picture of Holiday as he had looked that wintry morning when he came down the stairs, holding up his trousers with one fat white hand, the other hand clutching the robe about his chilly neck, his whiskers all awry, and at once the broker's mind was moved to an uncouth amusement. In spite of himself he grinned broadly, satirically. This was the last touch for Holiday. Speechless with indignation he left the car.

In his rapid walk to the office Wells considered again what Holiday might do. Of course he was a swindler; yet he wasn't. That was part of the fearful perversity of things. He felt himself persecuted by a universal stupidity, harked on by Bowles. It was so senseless—this girding at him from all points at once. Luck had suddenly turned into a swarm of pestiferous flies which buzzed around him in a maddening cloud. All the flies in the swarm looked like Bowles. Good apple-faced Johnny had a shot ready for him at every corner—even at his daughter's wedding. There was a terrible irritation in his mind. But behind everything else was the stubborn, unbreakable will to fight it out. He stood quite alone now, his back to the wall. Let them come on! Let them come on! He would fight, fight, fight, to the last ditch.

The office was deserted save for half a dozen clerks. Wells went to his den and shut the door. The market had gone against him during the day. Wheat closed at 91. He was long in Chicago, in Minneapolis, in New York, in Liverpool. The decline had exhausted about all his money in margins. Wheat would be deliverable on May contracts in the morning. How much would be tendered him? Could he pay for it? He had arranged to sell his house, worth $100,000, for $75,000. There were some other odds and ends of his fortune. At his desk he plunged into the maze of figures and chances. A touch of the old intoxication, the old lure of the game came back to him. He still felt subconsciously that terrible irritation, that unsupportable vexation with everything. But with his work before him he could bring his mind into order. He was acutely aware that to-morrow would probably tell the story for him. His position had grown quite untenable. If he could disseminate a well-conceived canard in the morning—something, say, about a big order from France for wheat—and then buy at Liverpool to give the price an upturn there, the bears might be stampeded into buying and the result would be a market strong enough so that he could unload a good part of his line without ruinous loss. For it was now simply a question of unloading, of getting out. The thing was to trick the traders while he unloaded without their suspecting it.

He worked on in his den, calculating, scheming, devising. By and by somebody vaguely annoyed him by rapping at the office door. Presently he heard a key grating in the lock. A watchman clumped through the office; came to the den; looked in. Wells glowered around at him. The man apologized. They saw the light. It was so late they thought something might be wrong. The broker went on with his work.

The pencil dropped from his fingers. His weary eyes glanced over the half dozen memoranda which represented the plan of campaign. Yes, it would be fought out in this way—win or lose. He straightened up, his back aching. His eye fell upon a sandwich, last of the three which he had had brought in for his dinner. He ate it greedily. He looked at the coffee cup. Not a drop left. Mechanically his hand went to his waistcoat pocket for a cigar. They were all gone. He got up with difficulty, feeling old, cramped, weary, and went to the water tank in the office. The water was lukewarm, but he drank a cupful. Glancing at the window he was surprised to find that dawn was at hand. He looked at his watch. Four o'clock. Well, it was too late to go home or to a hotel. He did not care much. He would as lief stay where he was. He went back to the den, tilted his chair against the desk and lifted his legs to another chair. His head dropped forward. Once he blinked out and saw the shadowy form of the building opposite revealing itself in the dim, ghostly light. His nerves stirred faintly. It was the dawn of the day of the last battle. But he was too weary. His chin fell and he went off to sleep.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Laura . . . gave the check a little triumphant flourish

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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THE success of a number of recent novels has undoubtedly been due to art—the advertiser's art.

IN UNION there is strength, but in too much unionism, whether of labor or of capital, there seems to be trouble, too.

SHAMROCK II may have to follow Constitution, but not at so great a distance as the Constitution followed the flag.

THERE are plenty of schools to teach men how to talk; what we need now are a few that will teach them the art of masterly silence.

WHILE the war in the Philippines was undoubtedly put down some months ago, we are still putting it down through force of habit.

FARMERS who get only half a corn crop and double the price for it will find it much easier to wiggle through the long winter than the consumer.

BRITISH railroads are not making money, but we cannot do anything for them unless they will move their lines to a place where we can send part of our crops over them.

AFTER watching the departure of the foreign troops the Chinese Empress hopes that hereafter no one will make remarks about the length of time a woman takes to say good-by.

Shark or Whale?

IS THE Billion-Dollar Trust a shark or a whale? Is it a ferocious and formidable monster ready to devour everything in its way, or is it a huge, helpless mass, the easy prey of smaller and more active enemies?

These questions are hard to answer just now, but some light may be thrown upon them by the outcome of the steel strike. The United States Steel Corporation, the type of the overgrown trust, has some advantages and some disadvantages as a fighting organism. It has a certain advantage from its control of the bulk of the industry. When a small factory is closed by strikers its business goes elsewhere. When half the factories of the Steel Trust are closed it can make up for the loss by working double time in the other half. It can dismantle mills and move them to more favorable locations. Even if its whole business should be temporarily suspended it would not be lost, for the work could not be done outside, and orders would simply be delayed.

Again, the strikers in a single establishment could be supported indefinitely by the other union workers in the trade while their employers were losing money. But if all the workers in the trade strike there is nobody to pay benefits, and the men must face destitution unless the men of other unions come to their rescue. Thus, though the employers in a universal strike suffer less than in an isolated one, the strikers suffer more.

On the other hand, the trust has troubles from which the independent manufacturer is free. If there had been no United States Steel Corporation there probably would have been no steel strike this year. Each constituent company of the trust could easily have settled its relations with its men, either on a union or a non-union basis. If there had been a strike in one of the companies the others would not have been affected by it. But by the extension of a common ownership over the whole field of the industry scores of mills were dragged into a quarrel with which they had no direct concern. The American Tin Plate Company, which had no dispute with the Union, and the Carnegie Company, which had not even a discussion because the Union had no foothold in its works, were alike caught in the strike whirlpool.

Again, the relations of a gigantic trust with the stock market are so delicate that the slightest interference with its orderly progress becomes a calamity. Wall Street has been dominated by the steel strike for weeks. Every point knocked off the price of the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation means a shrinkage of over $10,000,000 in the property of investors and speculators. At one time the steel stocks were thirteen points below the prices at which they might have been expected to sell if there had been no strike. That meant a loss of $130,000,000 in the market value of the securities. It meant that many margins were wiped out, many speculators ruined, and many investors frightened into disposing of their holdings at a sacrifice.

This gigantic depressing influence weighed down the whole market. Securities of railroads and industrial corporations that had nothing to do with steel went down with the rest.

No such consequences could follow a strike in a local or limited field. Even one of the $100,000,000 trusts that were considered giants before the "Morganeering" epoch could have had a strike without notably affecting Wall Street. But a labor conflict in which a body like the United States Steel Corporation is involved is like a war among first-class Powers, and responsible business men will dread the one as much as responsible statesmen dread the other.

There's nothing helps pass the time like a note coming due.

Getting Acquainted with Our Rulers

A RATHER curious and interesting work is now being done throughout the dominions of the United Kingdom. The British Government is distributing large numbers of official portraits of King Edward the Seventh. The purpose is fully to acquaint the people under the British flag with the name and appearance of their new King. At first the matter seems a good piece of royal vanity, but nothing could be further from the intention of King Edward or his Ministers than a desire to exploit his picture for such an inadequate reason.

We must remember that, after all the tens of thousands of publications in various languages and countries have distributed their tens of millions of copies annually, there remain millions of people who never see a printed page. There are hundreds of thousands of persons who can read and write, who care nothing about the political changes that are going on in the world, and it is important that they should know who is their executive, whether he be man or woman, president or monarch. In spite of all the publicity, there are multitudes of British subjects who still think that Victoria is their Queen, and the best and quickest way to correct this is by means of pictures.

In the United States we can easily appreciate the situation. The stories of Democrats who still think they are voting for General Jackson, and of Republicans who still believe that Abraham Lincoln is President, and who will not vote a ticket unless it has his portrait at the head, typify a real and widespread ignorance among certain classes. The other day in New York several candidates who wanted to be naturalized were asked who made the laws of the United States, and the reply was, Richard Croker.

Certainly by this time Mr. McKinley's face should be familiar to every American, but, although it seems incredible, there are thousands who do not know that he lives in the White House.

Portraits play an important part in public life. They mean something. Those who never read party platforms and care nothing about the intricacies and problems of government are impressed by the counterfeit presentments of their rulers. There is an immediateness about a photograph that has no counterpart in speech. Thus we find that the really earnest candidate wants his picture in the windows and on the walls, or, if he objects, the party managers place it there for him. To the unthinking it seems a silly kind of pride, but it is nothing of the sort; it has usefulness; its influence is felt at the polls. And perhaps—of course it is a mere surmise—the badness of some of our politics may be due to the highly decorative portraits which make campaign banners look as if the painters were trying to defeat the men they daub as heroes and leaders.

The truly good man does not stop his church contributions in summer because the collection basket does not follow him.

Where the Canadians Go

THE new census of Canada shows that, if the Dominion has been making the rapid strides with which it has been credited of late, the acceleration of its pace has been so very recent as to produce little effect on the returns. For the ten years from 1891 to 1901 the increase in population has been less than for any other decennial period in half a century.

But in one respect the general expectation has been verified. The centre of population of Canada has been rapidly drifting to the westward. In 1891 only 349,646 people out of 4,823,875, or 7.2 per cent. of the whole, lived west of Ontario. In 1901 the Western provinces contain 656,464 inhabitants, or 12.3 per cent. of the 5,338,883 people now living in the Dominion. And while the population of the Western region has been increasing by 87.7 per cent., that of the older provinces has increased as a whole by only 4.6 per cent. The greatest of them, Ontario, has grown by only 2 per cent., and one of them, Prince Edward Island, has actually declined.

The fact that Quebec has gained less than 9 per cent. in population in ten years is sufficient proof that the exodus of Canadians to the United States continues. The French Canadians of Quebec are the most prolific race in the world. If the tales told of their extraordinary families are true there must be at the very least half a million more of them than there were ten years ago. Yet there are only 132,439 more people in Quebec now than there were then, and that includes all the gains from foreign immigration. Where are the rest? They are not in the neighboring Canadian provinces, for their population is almost stationary. They must have crossed the border.

There are two great attractive forces acting on the population of Canada. One is vacant land; the other is metropolitan life. There is plenty of vacant land in Canada, and hence the Western provinces of the Dominion are growing rapidly, although not so fast as the States on the American side of the line. But the tremendous pull of the great cities is all toward the United States. The metropolis of Canada has only a trifle over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and would rank only sixteenth among American cities. It has fewer inhabitants than Detroit or Milwaukee, not to speak of Pittsburg, Buffalo or Cleveland.

Naturally the ambitious young Canadian, hungry for metropolitan opportunities, goes to New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Boston. The drift in this direction is as inevitable as that of bright Scotchmen to London. And so Canada loses every year her best brains and her most vigorous energy.

It is hard to see how this tendency can be overcome as long as the present political relations of the two countries continue. The great cities will naturally be in the great country. Centres of population that have free trade with 78,000,000 people will exceed those that have to depend on the trade of five millions and a half. Buffalo, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Seattle will continue to be the local magnets along the border, and New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston will continue to cast their spell over the whole Dominion. Thus, whether Canada be annexed or not, the United States will inevitably keep on annexing a good part of the Canadians. And there are no better Americans anywhere.

When you find a man who tells how many times he has kissed a girl, you needn't bother about the other charges against him.

Keeping Up the Reading Habit

IT IS a curious fancy that education is a thing to acquire in a lump and have done with as soon as possible, as if it were measles. In nine cases in ten the child leaves scholastic associations on leaving school. When the graduates, in white dresses or their best coats, are reading essays on the art of government and the relation of the passages in the Pyramids to the astronomic theories of the Chaldeans, it would seem to a sympathetic observer as if the work of the school has but just begun. It is too bad that in many cases it not only ceases but that the scholar goes backward. This does not mean simply that he forgets what has been taught, for much that we go through in schools is for training, not remembrance; but he forgets the influences that have surrounded him, forgets the lessons of history he has learned, forgets to follow those subjects which have been to him sources of pure pleasure and profitable research.

One does not so when he enters the business world with a fixed purpose. He knows that his preparation is never complete; that he must always study, examine and inquire; that he could not know all that is to be known of a subject if his lifetime were doubled. That man may well be alarmed who discovers that he has ceased to grow; that he no longer profits by new experiences; that he can no longer address himself with energy and interest to new subjects; for such a man has come to the end of his life, even though the day of his death may be far distant.

After falling into business habits not one person in a thousand tries to fall out of them. The easy way is the usual way, though it is not always the way of the higher profit. If one were to take but half an hour out of the twenty-four—though a whole hour would be little enough for profitable reading—he would before long be master of a theme, and would be a man of note in his specialty. He could command a language, or a science, or an art, and double his usefulness and happiness. And that is the main thing: to increase content. There is a mean satisfaction in stagnation, but there is a high satisfaction in the knowledge that we are of use to our fellows, and that our lives are not in vain.

We can then associate with our seniors when we are young, and with our juniors as our hair grows gray; for as we age our minds will broaden instead of harden, our views and sympathies will grow warmer and mellower, and our place in the world will be higher than if we had merely dropped our books at the end of school.

Michael Angelo carried his books with him so long as he could read, and spoke of himself as a schoolboy. Newton said that his great discovery was but as a single pebble on the shore of the ocean of truth. We who are not Angelos or Newtons can at least copy their example, and at the end we may, through our humble, unwatched studies, give to the world some fact, some thought, some fancy that will fix itself in the memories of a generation to come, and will make us the happier that we have shown this result of living.

The Fire-Fighters—By Herbert E. Hamblen

THE INITIATION NIGHT

THE "Volunteer Runners" was an association of young fellows who aspired to do fire duty, but were ineligible for membership in the regular department on the score of age. It existed by the consent and under the auspices of the parent company. The firemen encouraged and assisted the boys as well as they could, and in return the Volunteers rendered valuable assistance to them

Patsy had been a member for some time, and it was he who proposed me—when I had raised the needful—and electioneered manfully in my behalf; for there were boyish scores to be paid off, and membership in the Volunteers was highly prized. On the evening I was to be balloted for we went to the engine-house together. Patsy went up at once, but I was obliged to remain outside while my case was under consideration.

The members were continually arriving. Some shook hands with me cordially, telling me to keep a stiff upper lip. Others glanced at me sidewise, and still others ignored me entirely. According to Patsy's last report, we still needed two votes for a dead sure majority; so my mental barometer was in a state of great agitation. However, I had implicit faith in Patsy; when pleas and cajolery failed, the angry flash of his black eyes had frequently been found convincing.

At last, after, as it seemed, hours of waiting, a committee of three approached. They came in single file, bareheaded, and the leader solemnly requested me to step upstairs

The firemen allowed the Volunteers to use their meeting-room on Friday nights, but I had never been inside the engine-house before. So it was with a feeling of deep reverence that I passed behind the glittering engine—sacred shrine of my boyish admiration—and followed the committee up the narrow stairs. The upper front room was a combination parlor and library. The neatly swept rag carpet betrayed its origin by means of numerous "water-damage" stains, acquired at the fire from whence it had been rescued Four stiff, haircloth chairs, thoroughly conscious of their dignity, stood facing the centre of the room from the geometrical corners thereof. A lounge, far gone in consumption—on which cherished tradition said the chief had once sat—occupied the place of honor, opposite the head of the stairs

The most prized article of all, the one to which the attention of visitors was particularly called, was a four-foot mirror in a dilapidated gilt frame. Although a small triangle was missing from the upper left-hand corner, it was said to be the most gorgeous bit of furniture in the possession of any company. It was a present, received some years before, from a lady whose house the company had saved from the devouring element. A small mahogany centre-table—one leg replaced by a piece of joist and a brick—completed the display Sundry illustrated papers, a few torn magazines, an almanac and a dictionary, scattered over the table, comprised the library feature.

Like burglars on a comic opera stage we tiptoed to the far corner of this sanctum, where we found three more conspirators. They had an inch of candle—which, for economic reasons, they had blown out—and a picture of a fire-engine pasted on cloth and rolled up. After lighting the candle he who appeared to be the master-of-ceremonies unrolled the picture ostentatiously, and, holding it before me, said:

"Prisoner, look on dis!"

"Not prisoner; Candidate!" corrected one of the others

Oh, yes, that's so—Candidate, look on dis!"

I looked

Then one of the others asked "What's the noblest work of man?"

Taking my cue from the picture, I replied: "Engine 19."

Correct! Good boy! That's the stuff! Say, fellers, that's great, ain't it, hey? We'll have to change it to that, instead of just 'A fire-engine.'"

"Now, then, Mr.—er—Mr.—what's that you called 'im, Jake?

Candidate

"Oh yes Mr. Candidate, what's a volunteer's first duty?"

"To get to the engine-house ahead of any of the firemen an' roll 'er out."

At that they all laughed and said: "Good again! Say he's all right, ain't 'e?"

"Now, Mr. Congregate——"

"Candidate!" yelled Jake

"Oh, yes, that's so; hang it all, I keep fergittin'! Mr Candidate, why do you want to jine the Volunteers?"

"Say, 'So's I'll be in shape to jine a fire comp'ny w'en I'm twenty-one,'" whispered one of them loud enough to be heard down in the engine-room. I repeated the answer, and he who was conducting the examination said: "Say, fellers, he's all right, ain't 'e?"

"Course! Le's fix 'im up an' git 'im inside; they're gittin' tired o' waitin'."

"All right; who's got a handkercher?"

I can't

Not me

"Me nuther

"You got one, Candidate?"

"Yes."

"Le's have it, will ye?"

They blindfolded me with my own handkerchief after prolonged wrangling as to the best method. They stripped off my cap and coat, and searched my pockets for "weep'ns," they said; though, as a matter of fact, they confiscated eight cents that I had in one of them. At this juncture a door opened, and a different voice from any I had heard so far called out:

"Hey, are ye goin' ter be all night? Our light's 'most out."

"We ain't got nothin' ter tie 'im with; see if anybody in there's got a rope

'Ah, w'at would anybody be doin' wid a rope in here?" And the door was slammed shut

The reference to the waning light spurred them After a hurried consultation, they decided to hold me. "Two o' ye git a holt of each hand an' hang on good; 'cause he's strong,' was the reassuring injunction that I heard

This they did, one holding back on each hand while the others dragged ahead. Somebody pounded on the door which immediately flew open, and a whispered conversation followed. The questioner was assured that "Four on us has got a holt of 'im an' we ought ter be able ter hold 'im."

The door was closed and immediately flung open again with a bang. From the far end of the room Pete Claxton asked, in a disguised voice

"Sergeant-at-Arms, what's all that tow-row down there at your end o' the hall? Can't you keep order?"

'They's a gang here at our door, Grand Mogul, that says they've got a candidate w'at wants to jine this organization of Volunteer Runners.'

"Do we need 'im?"

'No, Grand Mogul, we got plenty o' good members now'

"Then w at do they bring 'im here fer?"

This question seemed to stump the Sergeant a bit, but presently he replied: "'Cause 'e wanted ter come, I guess; I don't know w'at else."

"Wait a minute till I have a look at 'im'

There was a subdued scuffling, which warned me that all hands were gathering about the door. Then Pete's voice, quite near, asked: "Did you ever run wid de machine, Candidate?"

'Yes, sir," I replied respectfully.

Now, s'posen 41 was goin' 'long Main Street, an' 19 on'y a block away on Sands Street, an' 41 had a full crew, an' 19 was six men short, an' 41 was gainin' ten feet every block, an' Harry Hayden was a-yellin' fer us to 'Jump 'er!' an' you was on the drag-rope, show the brothers w'at you'd do

I threw my head back so I could see under the handkerchief, and got a glimpse of encircling feet and a bench on which several members were sitting, directly in my path. Somebody whispered in my ear, "Run!" I was given a hearty push, and swung along by those having hold of my hands. I wrenched away from them, tore the handkerchief off, and charged at the sitters on the bench. A dozen hands dragged me back, the bench committee sprang at me, the solitary candle was upset, and pandemonium reigned. So many piled on top of me that I escaped all injury, and in the darkness they all had as good a chance to be initiated as I Continuous yells of rage and pain convinced me that many old scores were readjusted at my initiation. When the uproar was at its height two firemen came up and told us if we didn't stop our noise they would throw us out, and not allow us to use the room again. They said it was disgraceful—the neighbors were complaining

As soon as Pete could get away from the fellow who had him by the hair he called the meeting to order. Noses were wiped, swollen eyes tenderly caressed, and amid the prevalence of universal good fellowship I was declared "Duly elected, initiated, and entitled to membership as one of Nineteen's Volunteer Runners."

Pete then asked the Secretary what the next order of business was, but that official reported that the candle could not be found.

"Has any gen'leman got a candle?" inquired the foreman

A voice in the darkness responded "I got a piece o' one"

"You may advance to the Secretary's desk with it," graciously replied the foreman.

Over benches and mischievously outstretched feet the provident one wended his devious way to the front. The foreman's voice again pierced the gloom: "Who's got a match?" Silence. "Hain't none o' you fellers got a match?" More profound silence than before. "Somebody go downstairs an' borry a match—Jimmy Oliver, you go; an' be careful o' the top step!"

"All right, sir," and directly the slamming of the door, followed by a clumping on the stairs, told us Jimmy had gone on his mission. He returned, not with a match, but nearly half of a lighted candle, shaded between his hands Somebody suggested that the other candle be not lighted while this one should last. Sides were immediately taken on this vital point, and the meeting was in an uproar. The debate was rapidly descending to personalities when some one tripped Jimmy and he dropped the candle. It has been said that great crises produce the man to grapple with them; in this instance it was the Secretary; he leaped into the breach and caught up the candle before it went out

He then announced that the next item on the program was new business; something that invariably had been passed over, heretofore. But I was now a member, and I signalized that fact by taking the floor and making a proposition under the head of new business that made the boys stare. And right here, I must digress a bit by way of explanation

The winter was always the firemen's busy season. People would build roaring fires to keep warm in the old frame houses so common in those days, and the summer's accumulation of soot in the chimneys would take fire; a spark among

a hopeless wish rising and a futile looking at the bricks

dry shingles—perhaps of a neighboring house—and the deed was done. It was in the winter, too, that the defective flue got in its fine work—often after the family had retired for the night. Hot ashes would be carelessly left in a wooden pail, or barrel, in a woodshed or under the stairs, and the unsuspected spark would fulfil its mission. If the firemen got one unbroken night's rest a week, in the winter, they congratulated themselves

But it was on the homeward trip, after the fire, with clothing drenched and freezing, that they acquired rheumatism and lung-fever. Few of the engine-houses had stoves, and those that did seldom had fuel. Consequently the men not only sat around in the cold, while waiting—as was the custom—for alarms in the evening, but they also had to put the engine away after the fire, and then walk long distances to their homes in their wet clothing—perhaps only to be recalled by an alarm before they got there

Nineteen's stove was a hopeless wreck. It had been propped up with bricks and tied with wire the two previous winters, but had collapsed utterly under a wash boiler of chowder during the last summer. Several handy jacks-of all-trades had tried to restore it, but had given it up as a bad job

It was an unusually hard and "fiery" winter, and the crew was seriously crippled by the unprecedented sick-list. The

Editor's Note—This is the second of six sketches by Mr. Hamblen, describing the life, rivalry and adventures of the old-time volunteer firemen, and in particular the rivalry of the Gray Wolves, the men of Engine 41, and the Bald Eagles, those of Engine 19. Each story is complete in itself.

NOT TEA OR COFFEE
BUT THE HOT
FOOD DRINK
POSTUM
CEREAL
IT MAKES RED BLOOD
NOT TEA OR COFFEE
BUT THE HOT
FOOD-DRINK
POSTUM CEREAL
A MIXTURE
IT MAKES RED BLOOD
HARD TO QUIT
But when you become satisfied from a fair trial that coffee disagrees with you and [illegible] hundreds of ailments [illegible] Postum Food Coffee. When properly boiled it is a delicious drink, rich in the nutritious food elements that Mother Nature uses in rebuilding the body, brain and nerve centers.
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CHARLES B. KNOX

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chief had been appealed to for a new stove, but had declined to act.

One morning, bright and early, as Patsy and I, with our heads drawn into our coat collars and hands shoved deep into our pockets, were shivering miserably along from a fire, we discussed the subject of warm engine-houses. A burst hose had drenched us, so we were competent to understand the subject. I remarked that I guessed that the only way Nineteen would ever get a stove would be for the Volunteers to buy one.

That was how it came about that I arose in all the majesty of my new membership, and, addressing the chair, made a motion to the effect that the Volunteers give a grand ball, the proceeds to be used in getting a stove for the fire-house. Patsy seconded the motion with a whoop, and after the first gasp of surprise the boys discussed it, became convinced that it was within the possibilities—and then went half crazy with delight. Before we adjourned a committee of five, with full power to act, was appointed and told to hustle—we wanted results at the very next meeting.

Patsy and I went down into our pockets and paid for the printing of two hundred handsome placards. We had them made square, to hang by the corner. We distributed them among the stores. They were well received, and given conspicuous places in the windows. As we had worked in secret, there was great guessing among the boys when they saw them. We kept mum, pretending to be as much in the dark as the rest; and thereby we builded better than we knew, as later developments proved. After thoroughly "papering" the district we had four cards left. It seemed too bad to waste them, so I proposed tacking them on the fence.

"I'll tell you what'll beat that all holler," says Patsy. "What's the matter with nailin' 'em on Forty-one's front doors?"

"The very thing. We'll do it—the whole four of 'em—make a bully display. My! but wouldn't I like to be there when they find 'em!"

"Don't b'lieve you would," said Patsy with a dry smile. The audacity of the proposition was what made it irresistible. To utilize Forty-one's doors as our bulletin-board! The like had never been done before. It would never do to arrive on the scene before midnight, for it was desirable that the neighbors should have time to get to sleep.

We killed time at our own engine-house, where half a dozen men told stories and shivered as they waited for an alarm, until closing-up time, ten o'clock. Then I went home with Patsy. As we trotted along a crazy notion came into my head. I hesitated to express it, for, strange to say, I doubted Patsy—Patsy, to whom adventure was as the breath of life. But the idea gained on me, and at length I ventured to say through my chattering teeth:

"Patsy, it's foolish to go away up there just to tack these cards on the doors. The first Forty-oner that comes along will tear 'em down an' never say a word about it; and we daresn't, so who'll be the wiser?"

"That's just what I was thinkin' myself," said Patsy. "What we want to do is put 'em somewhere that the men won't notice 'em if they're called out, but where everybody will see 'em when it gets daylight, and have a good laugh."

"That's the place, Patsy; do you know where to find it?"

"No, hanged if I do."

"I do."

"Well, if you do, why don't you out with it?"

"How does the cornice strike you?"

Patsy gave me a rap between the shoulders that nearly floored me. "Bob Sinclair," he shouted, "you ought to go to West Point! You've the makin's of a great general in ye. The cornish is *the* place! How the dickens did you come to think of it?"

The metal cornice had not yet appeared. All cornices were made of wood; built in place by the carpenters. That would simplify matters for us, as we could use tacks. Patsy rummaged in his mother's kitchen for supplies. He found a few tacks—mostly crooked—a broken handled hammer and a lot of string. We disentangled and balled up the string, he hooked a card of matches, and, dividing our load, we started.

There was a street lamp directly in front of Forty-one's house which made it inconveniently light, but we couldn't help that. There was a grocery store close to the engine-house on one side, but there was an alley on the other. We scouted until satisfied that the coast was clear, and then sneaked down the alley. It was as dark as a dog's pocket, and there was no earthly reason to suppose we could get to the roof from there—but it was the only chance we saw. Patsy gave me a boost and I grabbed the top of the high fence. It was studded with sharp nails, but they were old and rust-eaten, so I managed to bend them over without lacerating my hands too badly; then I pulled myself up.

The darkness was a little less absolute up there, and I saw that the fence rounded down as it receded from the building. I whispered this fact to Patsy, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing his toes scraping over the boards as he hauled himself up. He had tied our outfit together, and brought only the end of the string up with him. After we became a little more accustomed to the darkness we discovered a window in the second-story of the engine-house, directly in front of us, but a little higher up. It had no shutter, and the alley wasn't much over four feet wide, but it was an awfully long step.

Patsy had on a pair of thick woolen mittens, and now he asked for my coat, in addition to his own. It was no place for an argument, but I thought him very inconsiderate. However, I gave it to him. He threw it over his head, clutched me by the shoulder, whispered "Look out!" and leaped across to the sill. It was a foot higher than the fence, but he made it all right, plunging his head and right arm through the upper sash. There was a splintering of wood and a great jingling of broken glass. Windows went up all about, and a voice right in my ear said:

"Hey! What's that? Anybody there? What's goin' on out there?" Finding themselves unharmed, the neighbors were only too glad to close their windows and go shivering back to their beds.

We toughed it out a few minutes longer—some hardy spirit might be watching—and then Patsy raised the lower sash and fastened it. An arm reached out of the blackness by the window, and Patsy whispered:

"Give us yer hand, Bob, an' I'll pull ye across."

With a breath-expelling whack I banged into the side of the house. Then followed a Titanic struggle—a helpless whirling and a futile kicking at the bricks. In his enthusiasm Patsy grabbed me by the seat of my trousers and pitched me headlong through the window.

I landed on the Secretary's desk, which was propped against the wall for the sake of the light, and also because it was a leg short. Patsy hauled up our paraphernalia, and asked me what the deuce I was making so much noise for: he said we would be mobbed if I didn't keep quiet.

We followed the wall stamping and thrashing our benumbed hands and feet. It was not desirable to prolong our visit unduly, so Patsy continued striking matches, which the draft from the open window invariably blew out—but we gained a little right along. I blundered into the ladder unexpectedly, we quickly drew the staple to which the scuttle was padlocked, and gained the long-desired goal—the roof. It occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to tack one over the big "41" that was gilded on a red shield, centrally under the cornice. The idea exactly suited Patsy, for it was an extremely difficult place to get at, as the cornice projected a couple of feet beyond the front of the building—but that only added a charm. We completed our original plan by stringing three of them across, just above the second-story windows. Then we filled the edge of the other full of tacks—as many might be lost before it could be fastened in place. Patsy demanded the post of honor, and he was one with whom it was worse than useless to argue.

He pulled off his mittens, took the card in his teeth and the hammer in his hand. He crawled carefully over the cornice; I took him by the legs and slacked away when he wriggled. Doubts and fears assailed me. Could he reach it, I wondered; and if not, would I be able to lower him any farther—or to pull him up again?

While tormenting myself thus I heard a faint rat tat-tat, that told me he was tacking it on. Then there was a clatter in the street. he had thrown the hammer down as a signal that he was done. I gave a mighty heave. My hair raised, and cold as it was the perspiration broke out on me as big as buckshot—his suspenders had given way, and he was slipping through his trousers.

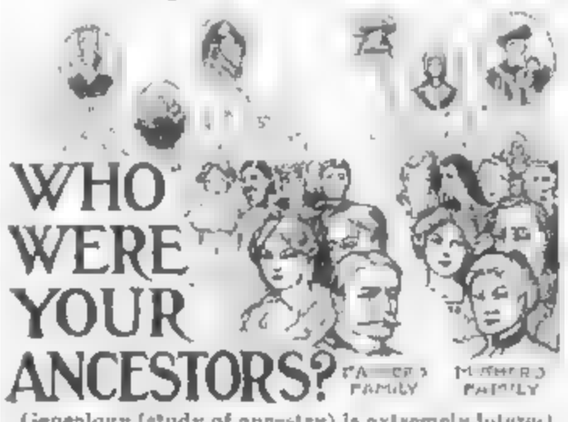
A window went up with a bang, and a man shouted "Fire!"

There was a tumultuous shouting in the street and the rattle of approaching engines over the cobblestones. A whiff of smoke saluted my nostrils.

It was the engine-house itself that was on fire.

"WHO DOES NOT KNOW OR CARE"

A man who does not know or care [illegible] pride in his ancestors is far [illegible] unworthy man than the boy [illegible] care who went before him in the family record."—*Helen Hunt Jackson, "H. H."*



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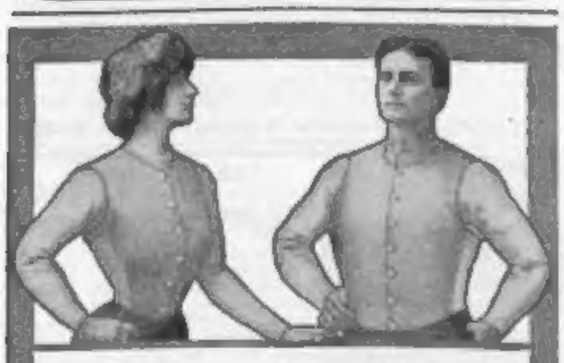

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Men & Women of the Hour

De Armond's Ravening Sheep

Representative De Armond, of Missouri, who is now in the Philippines studying local conditions and the effect of American rule, is expected to take the lead in Congress next winter in the fight against the retention of the islands. They are wondering, in Washington, whether he will adopt the method of forthright attack, or resort to satire—a weapon which he handles with marvelous effectiveness, and which won him his first battle in public life.

This was when he was a State Senator in Missouri. He came from a district where lumbering was the chief occupation, and where everybody kept a dog. In some other districts, and here and there in his own, sheep-herding was an important industry, but had been sadly interfered with by the dogs. A bill was introduced one day designed to abate this evil by taxing dogs so heavily that they would be driven out of the farming country. The idea appealed to Mr. De Armond's common-sense, for among his own constituents the dogs were mere luxuries, and everywhere the sheep were a steady source of income to the community. Still, he hardly felt justified in facing the majority of his constituents with an admission in so many words that he wished to force them into sacrificing their pets. He resorted, therefore, to a speech which saved to him both his cake and his credit.

Ostensibly, it was a very strong protest against the passage of the proposed legislation. The dog, he declared, was a noble animal which had always been a staunch friend to man, and, if unmolested, was full of kindness and good will; but when subjected to the harassing assaults of ravening sheep, who could blame it for trying to defend itself, even if, in spite of its desire to be considerate, it sometimes had to go to the extreme of biting its assailants? He had seen, he added, in the district from which he came, great packs of fierce sheep, with open mouths, glistening teeth, tails raised in air, and to the hideous music of their own howls for blood, pursue a poor, defenseless dog and tear it to pieces. Yet everybody seemed to take the side of the sheep, and the dog got neither protection nor sympathy. He thought it was time that this partisan injustice in the halls of legislation should cease. The laws had done enough for the sheep: let the enlightened body he was then addressing come to the rescue of the dog and adopt some substantial measures for his defense!

The effect of this speech was beyond description. The Senators laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. When the vote was taken, Mr. De Armond, who had kept his face as solemn as a judge's, was one of a mere handful who voted against the bill, and it went through with flying colors, largely thanks to his oratory, yet he was able to go home and gravely assure his constituents not only that he had spoken as best he knew how against the dog-tax, but that he had been one of a helpless minority to stand by the opposition colors to the last.

The incident made him a marked man in Missouri politics, and probably gave him his first impetus toward Washington.

An Economist Under Fire

If President McKinley appoints Professor Joseph French Johnson Comptroller of the Currency to succeed Mr. Dawes, a man of very interesting personality will have been added to official life. In the East Professor Johnson is known as a learned and popular student of finance; in the West, and particularly in the mining camps of the Northwest, he is remembered proudly as one of the gamest men who ever edited a paper on the frontier.

Before the Professor became identified with the University of Pennsylvania he was a journalist. In 1888 he established the Spokesman, a daily paper in Spokane, Washington. That city is the commercial centre of the great silver mining region of the Cœur d'Alene and Kootenai country, and when it was discovered that the new paper was advocating the gold standard there was a rumble of protest from the Selkirk Mountains to the Falls of the Shoshone. But Mr. Johnson, being a careful student of financial questions, and having had the best of training under political economists of Harvard and Heidelberg, felt that he was able to edit his own paper. He laughed at the arguments of his contemporaries and refused to heed the counsel of the "free silver" Senators and Congressmen from Idaho and Washington.

Continuing his campaign, he won converts to the "yellow money" cause, and the protest from the mining regions grew aggressive.

Finally threats were made. One day a miner from the Bitter Root Mountains, having drunk over-freely of fiery distillations in Spokane, determined to take a shot at the gold-bug editor. Making his way to the editorial office, the miner reeled through the rear entrance, passed through the composition-room, which opened into the editorial rooms, and spotting the editor, began to blaze away with a pistol in each hand. Fortunately, strong drink had impaired an otherwise unerring aim, but Mr. Johnson didn't know this, and as the bullets seemed to ring his requiem he says that he realized that he was about to add to the sad labors of an overworked obituary poet who celebrated the demise of the prominent citizens of the frontier.

The city editor and reporters had fled at the first shot, but their room was between Johnson and the man behind the guns. To escape, the managing editor would have been compelled to go the whole length of his room nearer the outlaw than he was where he sat. "And it was not in human nature to do that!" the Professor has often remarked.

Hardly conscious of his movements, he turned to the telephone and called up the police, saying that murder was being attempted in his office. The ring of the telephone bell seemed to sober the miner. With a parting shot, which plowed through the manuscript of a heavy editorial at Mr. Johnson's elbow, the man bolted.

The news got out and Mr. Johnson was a hero. An editor who wouldn't run, and who, under fire, calmly rang up the police, was the kind of a man for the West, and the incident won hundreds to the "single standard."

"But I was frightened, all right," the Professor says in recalling the affair. "In truth, before the shooting I had just sat down to write an editorial on a subject upon which I had made some research, but when, after the excitement, I attempted to resume, I could not for the life of me recall the topic; nor have I to this day. It was, I remember, on some phase of the money question, and in shooting it out of my mind the fellow did good work for his cause."

"What became of him?" Professor Johnson was asked.

"He escaped to the mountains, and I have no doubt that he lined up later in the free silver crowds."

Dewey's Gift to the Millionaire

Though Admiral Dewey is a model of patience and considerate politeness, he can be peremptory and cuttingly ironical when occasion calls. His friends recall an interesting incident illustrative of these traits. It took place in 1875 when he was Commander of the Pensacola, of the European Squadron. His vessel visited a Mediterranean port which has seen few American warships since the war with Tripoli. As the Pensacola needed sprucing up, Commander Dewey gave orders that no visitor be allowed on board until noon of the next day.

It happened that a New York nabob was in the harbor with his yacht. In his launch he made for the Pensacola without delay, but was refused permission to board by the deck officer.

"No visitors will be received until noon to-morrow," the millionaire was informed.

"But you must let *me* on now," the nabob urged. "I am Mr. So-and-So, you know," mentioning his charmed name. "I pay more taxes in America than any other two men, and, in fact, I own half the United States Navy."

"Let him up," came an order from the Commander.

The man of millions clambered aboard and was met by Dewey.

"I heard your remark that you owned half of the United States Navy," said the Commander; and then, stooping, he cut with his knife a sliver of wood from the deck and handed it to the boastful visitor.

"Take this souvenir of the Pensacola and keep it," remarked the Commander. "It is yours; it is all you have ever owned or ever will own of the Navy of the United States. Shall be glad to see you with other visitors any time after the noon hour to-morrow."

So saying, Dewey turned and walked aft, and a crestfallen Croesus crept back to his launch.

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Lawton—the Metropolis of the Wilderness

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

If the crowd showed the contrast between the North and the South at Lawton it showed more clearly the absorption of the West by the East. If there is any frontier in America it should be found at Lawton. But the Lawton crowd revealed the fact that the West is gone. The gentleman with the fringed leather trousers, who used to ride into the saloon, light his cigar with a five-dollar bill, and then back out with an ardent impulse to plant a crop for the coroner, was not present at Lawton. Not a spur clinked on the town site. The crowd was a shirt-waist crowd; men wore cuffs, said "there" instead of "thar," ate with their forks, and at night put on pajamas when they went to bed under the big tents that were called hotels. A plug hat would have called forth neither molestation nor unpleasant comment. The Lawton city bookstore in a tent on Goo-Goo Avenue did as much business as two clerks could handle. The only men who carried revolvers were the deputy sheriffs from Canadian County, under whose authority the new country fell until nine o'clock of the morning of the sixth of August. The crowd passed quietly into local government, and the law and order which had been preserved among 25,000 by the three young deputies from El Reno, resumed its monotonous course under a complete set of county officers and a court. But the 25,000 people slipped so quietly from no government, save the instinctive love of law in an American crowd, to organized government under a court that no one save the dozen county officers and their proud friends knew of the transition.

Of course there was a vicious element in Lawton—just as there is in every American community. But the bad did not control. Public sentiment held the gambler and the grafter in check before the courts came as firmly as the law held these people when it was established. There were wheels of fortune, chuck-a-luck, poker games, faro banks and shell games. But the great mass of the people around the games were spectators. They were curious—but not curious enough to try the game. And so, business being poor for the gamblers, one of them grabbed a man's money. There was an altercation. The crowd grew larger and became inflamed. The gambler started to run—a foolish thing to do. The crowd took after him. It caught him, and in a frenzy literally stripped him to the skin looking for his plunder. Two deputies—the Canadian County, Oklahoma, men—came up. The crowd was roaring. The naked gambler, chalk-faced, trembling with terror, ran between the horses that the deputies rode, as a frightened child runs home for shelter. The deputies got him away. Then the mob went after the other gamblers. As the crowd surged down Grand Avenue it lost its animosity, and was merely cheerful, determined, exuberant. It rallied by States: "Come on, Texas," yelled the Texans; "help hang the gamblers." "Come on, Kansas; clean out the gamblers," was the Kansas cry; "Oklahoma, Oklahoma, come a-runnin', Oklahoma," was the slogan of the men from the Territory. It did not intend to hang the gamblers. It did not expect to fight. It was merely going to close up all of the gambling places in town—and it closed them. That was the day before the law came. That night not a wheel was moving; not a poker chip was stacked on a table. Not a game was running. Every gambler's tent was dark. And the only diversion on Goo-Goo Avenue that night was a big evangelical meeting in the Methodist tent. Next morning the gamblers left Lawton. The American spirit had spoken. There was a smile on its face as it spoke, but the smile showed teeth.

The Price of Roses in the Wilderness

The scenes that accompanied the opening at Lawton were duplicated in miniature at the other two county-seat towns in the new country—Hobart and Anadarko. There are now 50,000 people in the new country. There are probably 4000 passably good farms, but these will not yield a penny until next year. These 50,000 people must live for at least a year on accumulated savings. Of course they cannot do this, and there will be a weeding-out process. The fittest will survive. It is hardly likely that next year's crop will be successful. Indeed, the first crops in a new country generally fail, because the farmers apply methods of farming to the new soil which they applied to the soil and the climatic

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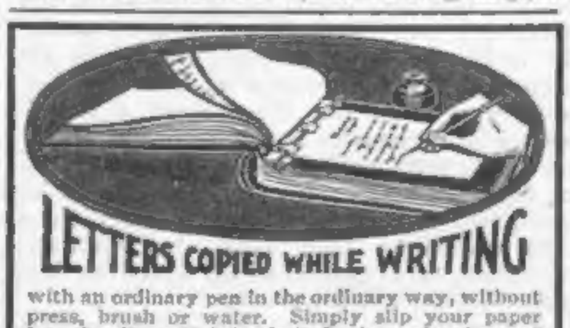

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conditions of their homes. It was so in Kansas. It was so in Oklahoma. It will be so in the new country. Every new soil has to be tested. The testing process costs millions of dollars in money and hundreds of lives. Probably it costs as much blood—the lives of wives and children as well as the blood of young men—to reclaim a wilderness as it costs in blood to conquer a civilized people. The law that governs the scheme of things is inexorable: no man, no nation gets something for nothing. Everything has its price. The 50,000 ladies and gentlemen who are disporting themselves in the new country to-day imagine, perhaps, that they are not liable for the price of their good fortune; but the wilderness does not blossom as the rose without fertilizer. Their lives will enrich this soil. Their experience will make others wiser. Those who sow to-day will not reap of their sowing. The pioneer rarely participates in the harvest which his labor makes possible. This law is almost invariable. In other years the desert shall blossom; the harvest shall be garnered. The English-speaking race has let no land conquer it. Agricultural evolution—the evolution of men, of seeds, of methods—overcomes the most desolate places under the sun. And this new land is fair. But the purple Wichita Mountains, that have seen Quivera pass, and Coronado looking for his Seven Cities of Cibolo, that have seen the red men come and go and have watched the white men file along the Santa Fé trail—the purple Wichita Mountains smile in the morning sun, and God only can know whether they smile in hope or in pity. But, like the "blue Alsatian mountains," "they watch and wait alway!"

Bigger Grain Crops

THE Department of Agriculture is trying to push plant-breeding in this country. It is a branch of farming work that is pursued much more diligently in Europe than in the United States, and, if it were carried on as it should be on this side of the water, most important benefits would accrue to the producers of our crops.

Only within the last few years has it been realized that plant life is to a wonderful extent subject to man's control. He is almost able to act the part of a creator in the vegetable world, so greatly is it in his power to modify species by hybridizing and by artificial selection.

The Government is already conducting such work on quite an extensive scale, and wishes to urge private individuals to take it up further, and continue the work along the lines that have already been marked out.

In England the average yield of wheat is over thirty bushels the acre, but in this country it is below fifteen bushels, the difference being mainly due to the fact that in Great Britain highly productive varieties of the grain have been secured through a long period of selection and breeding.

It is recorded by the Department of Agriculture that in ten years the Minnesota Experiment Station, by means of careful breeding, produced a new variety of wheat which yielded nearly twenty-five per cent. more grain than its parent variety, which was the best grown in the State up to that time.

An increase of twenty-five per cent., or five bushels the acre, would add to the world's supply of wheat 625,000,000 bushels, which, at eighty cents a bushel, would be worth $500,000,000 per annum. An increase of only one bushel an acre would augment the world's crop 125,000,000 bushels, representing a value of $100,000,000.

At the present time the United States produces about one-fifth of the world's wheat supply.

The breeding of corn in the United States has resulted in a very marked improvement. Professor Hays, of the University of Minnesota, states that the farmers of America, without realizing the fact, have been conducting with maize the most extensive breeding experiment ever carried on, and by selection have greatly increased the yield of their cornfields.

Corn is such a large plant that each ear is taken in the hand in husking out the crop, and thus the agriculturist has been able to choose the very best yielding plants out of immense fields.

Hence it has come about that ears of corn to-day are much larger than they were half a century ago. Yet, says Professor Hays, in another half century the farmers might easily add another twenty-five per cent. to their crops of maize.

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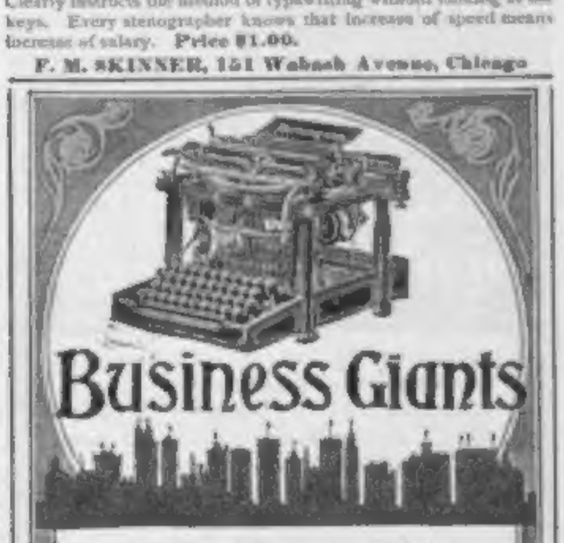

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Unknown Navies

By John Edward Jenks

THE world hears a good deal about the navies of the big countries, but there are many governments of more or less naval pretension of whose sea power no mention is made. There are some very interesting facts connected with these unknown and unadvertised and unimpressive navies. The great nations keep watch, too, on what the smaller governments are doing, lest one of them, like Japan, jump from a picture-book little island to a world power.

It will surprise most people to know that Mexico, which has a long coast-line and many varied interests, possesses practically no navy, although she enjoys the luxury of a shipbuilding program for which one million dollars has already been voted. It is to be carried out in the course of five years, and eight gunboats of 1000 tons displacement and a speed of eighteen knots will be built, as well as two torpedo boats. It is intended that four of the gunboats will be for patrol service on the Pacific Coast and four for the Gulf of Mexico. The ships at present on the Mexican register comprise a steel vessel of 1200 tons, four gunboats and five torpedo boats, none of them of much account.

Egypt is another power which has no efficient warships. The Republic of Ecuador has a navy consisting of two old French dispatch vessels, the Papin and the Inconstant, built of wood and iron in 1886. In addition to this squadron the government possesses a torpedo boat and two steam transport vessels.

Belgium has a navy of packets. Twelve such vessels of between 419 and 684 tons were built between 1870 and 1888, and constitute the power of Belgium on the sea.

During the last year the calamity overtook Liberia of the total loss of her entire navy. She had only two vessels, the Gorronomonah and the Rocktown. The former sank as she lay at anchor, and the other was wrecked.

Impoverished Turkey has placed a number of contracts with shipbuilding firms, including the Cramps, in Philadelphia, for the construction of vessels of war, and Krupp, the German gunmaker, is under contract to supply a large number of quick-firing guns. The vessels are of modern design, although none of them are very large.

Bulgaria has a navy of eleven steamers of small size, of which one is the Prince's yacht. Two armored gunboats for the defense of the Danube are now in course of construction at Leghorn, and other vessels are to be built. Haiti possesses a steel gun-vessel of 940 tons, a gunboat of 260 tons, an iron corvette of 1200 tons, and three iron or steel sloops of from 500 to 900 tons. Most of these vessels are armed with quick-firing machine guns.

The navy of Morocco consists of a torpedo cruiser of about 1200 tons displacement, 2500 horse-power, eighteen-knot speed and carrying two guns. Two gunboats of 450 tons are being built for that government. Persia has a 1200-ton dispatch vessel capable of attaining high speed. She is called the Persepolis and is armed with five small breech-loading guns. Peru has an armed vessel of 1700 tons and a screw steamer of 400 tons.

Roumania has quite a good navy as compared with some other and larger nations, and enjoys the opulent luxury of a shipbuilding program. The navy consists of a 1300-ton protected cruiser, a 350-ton composite gunboat, six very small gunboats, six ninety-five-ton coast-guard vessels, a screw steamer of 240 tons, and six torpedo boats of twenty-one-knot speed, built, however, in 1882. Roumania intends to build eight monitors of 500 tons, twelve torpedo boats and eight vedettes for the Danube, six coast-defense vessels of 3500 tons, four destroyers of 300 tons, and twelve torpedo boats.

Santo Domingo possesses three vessels; one of them, the Independencia, was built in England in 1894 and carries seven Hotchkiss quick-firing guns. Venezuela has a gun-vessel of 832 tons, and this navy will be augmented some day by four river gunboats now in course of construction. Three gunboats of twelve-knot speed constitute the invincible navy of Uruguay, a force which would have a hard time with the mobilized fleet of Siam, which has two 800-ton corvettes, six gunboats, a 2500-ton deck-protected cruiser armed with fourteen guns, and a 650-ton cruiser.

The remote monarchy in Borneo known as Sarawak, the ruler of which is a rajah and a nephew of the Englishman who rescued the territory from barbarism, has a little navy of its own. It is made up of two gunboats of 175 and 118 tons respectively, of low speed, and each armed with two guns.

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